

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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## WANTED : A BROTHER.

A HALLOWE'EN STORY.

THE snow lies all about the park : not heavily, but in an airy sprinkle ; for the first of the Paspebiac winter months, November, does not come in until to-morrow.

This last October day is dying out as Rose Clément follows her small guide up from the little wharf at the Barachois, where she has just landed ; across the long bridge ; up the Beach-lane ; in through the park to the Winter-House, on the piazza of which she is now standing.

Her guide has so promptly vanished, as she slips the promised coin into his brown hand, that she has no time to question him : if indeed it were of any use to question one whose patois she can only determine to be Paspebiac and nothing else.

She pauses, now that she has reached her goal ; and glances back, the way she came.

Metaphorically, as well as literally, glances back.

For though her eyes sweep down the slope—the bared boughs of the park willows offering her a vista—though she sees the winding waters of the Barachois twisting under the bridge, and the two great fishing establishments of Robin and Le Bontillier, with their hundred houses lining the wide pebbly beach, which thrusts itself in a three-mile triangle out into the Canadian Baie des Chaleurs : though she sees all this with her bodily eyes, she is in reality looking back to the

far Isle of Jersey, whence she sailed a month and a half ago, in yonder brigantine “85,” lying down there at the Robin wharf.

She has not much time to think : for her light step on the piazza has evidently been heard.

The door is suddenly opened by a young Frenchman : a waiter, judging by the salver in his hand, and the glimpse he gives behind him of the room he has just left, with its flutter of white damask table-cloth, and glitter of glass and silver.

Rose, with her sea-appetite of six weeks' building-up, glances rather eagerly in at the inviting shore-table.

But the little Frenchman has no idea of extending the invitation.

He stands quite blocking the way, while the young lady inquires for Mr. Clément, Robin Clément.

She speaks English ; and though she might have understood Parisian French, or such an approach to it as is cultivated in her London boarding-school, she is quite swept away in the torrent of patois which comes so rapidly, with shrug and deprecatory wave of salver, from her young Frenchman.

One thing she does take in : that Monsieur Robin, *ce pauvre Monsieur Robin*, is the only one at home at present ; and that his arm—*O ça c'est mal !*

“Ba'tiste !” here calls out a hoarse voice from somewhere within : “Ba'tiste !”

"Oh! is he in there?" cries the girl, and receiving a somewhat unwilling nod for answer, she pushes unceremoniously past Baptiste, and into the drawing-room open on her right.

A bright wood fire is blazing away in the grate. It is all the light in the room, except the fast-fading reflection of the sunset dying out from the uncurtained windows. But it is enough to show Rose the figure of a young man prone on the sofa, his arm in a sling.

In an instant she is down on her knees beside him.

"Robin! What has happened? Oh! your poor arm! It isn't broken, Robin?"

The name does not sound, in her English speech, quite what it did on Baptiste's lips: still, the young fellow says, wonderingly:

"How did you know my name? And—I beg you pardon—but—"

He does not go on to ask her who she is, for she has put both hands on his whole arm, to prevent his rising.

"Don't move, Robin, don't move: else I shall run away. Oh! are you not going to say you are glad to see me?"

He must confess that he is: though it is certainly a gladness not untinged with embarrassment, as the color rushes up to the very hair pushed back from his brow.

"Of course I am glad, only—"

"Only—"

She is just lifting her cheek to him to be kissed: and certainly it looks so cool and fresh and rosy, that he frowns a little as she suddenly withdraws the temptation from him, starting up in her surprise.

"Only—do you mean you did not know I was coming, Robin?"

"Well, I do mean that, I am afraid."

She is standing now, the firelight playing about the slight figure, the fair, glowing face.

He thinks, as he leans back in the cushions, staring up at her, that he never has seen anything so pretty in all his life.

"And you never got my letter?" she

cries. "And I mailed it before ever I left Jersey, supposing that, as a letter would come by steamer and I by a sailing-vessel, it would reach you ever so much sooner than I. I can't understand it. But"—more slowly—"I think, even if you did not expect me, you might seem a little happier to see me."

"Nothing—" he says; and his voice has a true ring in it, which reassures her: "nothing could give me so much pleasure as to see you. Only—"

He tries to raise himself; but has to fall back with a smothered groan among his cushions.

She flies to his help.

"Oh! your poor arm! That accounts for everything. What have you done to it? Not broken it?"

"Just broken it. But don't look so pitiful. I'm sure I don't mind—"

"Since I am here? That's a good boy. Do you know it is the first quite brotherly thing you have said to me?"

Brotherly? The word comes with quite a shock to Claud Robin.

How could he be a brother to her?

His memory flashes back to Grace and Jane, the two little sisters at home in the Isle of Jersey. True, he has not seen either of them for eighteen months (the Robin bachelors, agents and clerks in the employ of the great fishing firm on these Canadian coasts, are only given leave of absence to return home once in eighteen months) but Claud is quite sure that length of time could never change those gawky girls into this—this other man's sister.

He takes a long, long, undisturbed look at her in the mantel mirror, while she flings off her hat and ulster now, and is bestirring herself for his comfort.

"Have you dined?" she says, "or taken tea, which is it? Perhaps you keep early hours here? But I'm hungry as a hawk or a sea-gull, and seeing the table set out in the other room—"

"Oh! that is an idiosyncrasy of Ba'

tiste's. He must go through the routine: though here I am tied to my sofa, and the other fellows are off to New Carlisle for the night."

"The other fellows? Is that Paspebiac for the two Maries? Do you know I had almost forgotten the two Maries. Ba'tiste told me nobody was at home but you. That is all I could make out of his Paspebiac patois. Now, I wonder if I could make him understand me well enough to bring our dinner or tea in here? This table will be cozy: see, I can wheel it up. Only, you must let it be *high* tea, if it isn't dinner. I am *so* hungry!"

"Ba'tiste—"

Young Robin catches a moving glimpse of salver about the door, and gives his order.

"And remember, my bother is *very* hungry, Ba'tiste," Rose adds, impressively, in her worst French, hoping thus to arrive at the Paspebiac, as she calls it.

"Do you know, I began to be afraid you did not want me," she says, as she is pouring out his tea, Ba'tiste having arranged everything on the table, and retreated with a wondering look in his black eyes. "I can see Ba'tiste does not approve of me. I wonder if Mary will?"

"Mary?" he colors hotly. "But she has no right—"

She nods smilingly at him.

"Oh! you know I should never interfere with Mary: I mean to make her love me just as much as you do— There, poor boy, does your arm hurt you?" and she is on her knees beside him, holding his cup, as he sinks back with a stifled groan.

"I must be losing my senses—"

"Is the pain so great, poor fellow? There, that cushion supports the arm better now. Do try to take the tea: I am sure it will soothe you. How hot you look! Do you think you have fever?"

"I wonder if I am delirious?" he says, leaning back, and looking up at her with an uncertain sort of smile. "I wonder

if it is all a vision? I ought to rouse myself and speak: only I am afraid, if I do, the vision will vanish."

"It isn't such 'stuff as dreams are made of,'" she says, laughing, and rising to replace the now empty cup upon the table. "You don't know how substantial six weeks on the '85,' under Captain Romeril's care, have made me. By the way, I always forgot to ask Captain Romeril why his vessel is called the '85.' He had so many other things to tell me, the kind old man: teaching me to box the compass, and all that. You don't know what a sailor I am. But the '85?'"

"Oh! that is named in commemoration of the fact the first vessel we Robins built here at Paspebiac, on these wild Canada coasts, was built in 1785. Pretty fair for a new country? a fishing firm stretching well into the second century."

"Oh! 'we Robins!'" she repeats, with a shrug. "I should think you had quite done with them, since they pitch you headlong out of the nest for daring, any of you Cock-Robins, to have a Jenny Wren. What a set of crusty bachelors the Robin firm must make, keeping its clerks and agents bachelors this century and a half—"

"But we are not quite century-plants, all of us," says Robin, laughing. "And sometimes we are willing enough to get out of the nest, if Jenny Wren is very charming."

"But you make a dreadful fuss," she says, shaking her brown head at him: "a dreadful fuss, getting out! If Mary only knew—"

"Bother Mary! I wish you would keep to your 'Jenny Wren': it's a better figure of speech." Then, with an obvious effort, looking at her fixedly, as if experimenting on her: "There is Clément—"

"Here is Clément," responds a voice from the open doorway.

There had been steps outside: a door opening.

These two had not thought of any one out there but Baptiste, until this voice reaches them.

Rose turns: she looks quite bewildered and frightened, as she stands there with the empty teacup in her hand, the color coming and going in her pretty face.

The bluff, bronzed young man filling the doorway, comes forward, and puts his hand on her shoulder, turning up her flushed face and kissing it promptly, in rather a business-like way.

"Rose—why, little sister—"

For the girl has suddenly burst out crying, clinging to his arm.

He pulls out a handkerchief of absurd dimensions, and brushes away her tears, turning her hot face up to do it, with his hand under her dimpled chin.

"Why, child—there, there! You wouldn't think, now, would you, Robin, that this is our little white Jersey Rose? She looks red enough not to need the change and the sea-voyage the doctors over there at St. Héliers prescribed on her leaving school. Why didn't you wait and let Romeril bring you up to me, Rosy? He told me you somehow slipped away while he was busy on board with the freight. I'd better not have depended on him, but gone down at once to the Barachois, as my Mary suggested. And the little 'un, she's that impatient to see her Rosy—"

"I thought the sister you were looking for by some vessel or other, was a child, Clément," says Claud Robin, rather huskily.

"Eh! and so—it's been so long since I've seen her—I believe I thought so myself!" Then Robert Clément claps his two hands on her shoulders, with a jolly laugh. "No matter, I'm glad I was mistaken. I hope she'll get some of you Robin fellows ousted from this Robin nest: as I was! Come, get your hat on, Rosy; Mary is waiting for you."

"And the other Mary?" says Rose, half under her breath, as she stands with her back to Claud Robin, buttoning her ulster.

"Eh? Oh! Robin, that reminds me: your friend, Miss Mary, sends you word that if you'll just drive up and look on at the dance in New Carlisle, she'll see to it that you do not come to grief through broken arm—or broken heart, I suppose she means," he adds, with a grin.

But, after all, it is Rose who takes care of that.

For November is not yet over before this especial Robin knows he hopes for nothing better than to be pushed out of the Robin nest for mating.

And his Jenny Wren is the Jersey Rose that glowed on him out of the magic mirror in the Bachelor's Winter-House that fateful Hallowe'en.

MISS MARIAN REEVES, Author of the "Curse of Tracadie."

**S**OCIAL RELATIONS. Social circles of every kind are improved and elevated by the cordial touch of opposites. The rich and the poor, the cultured and the uneducated, the theorist and the practical man, the young and old, the married and the single, the merchant and the mechanic,

can all help each other; and that society will thrive the best which brings them into pleasant and wholesome relations. Capital and labor are great contrasts, but only as they come together in harmonious operation can the highest value of either be evolved.



## A PRAIRIE SUNDAY.

"O JACK! I think I shall die. What did you bring me way out here for?"

John, sitting in his rocking-chair, looked wistfully up at the little woman standing in the doorway; she was fair and sweet to look upon, and her eyes were blue as flax-blossoms, but just now there was such a troubled, appealing look in them, and her hands were nervously twisting themselves together.

"Why, Millie! my dear little girl!" John said, coming up to her and smoothing the brown hair back from her forehead, but he did not attempt to answer her question, he had done that so many times.

"It's so much worse Sundays," she continued. "Other days one can work and partly forget how lonely it is, but Sundays the silence and lonesomeness is perfectly dreadful. I don't know how to endure it any longer."

"But, dear, it's such a beautiful day."

"Yes, as still as death. I'd rather hear the wind and rain, than not to hear anything. It seems as if you and I were the only two people in the whole world, Jack."

"Yes; but I thought we promised to be all the world to each other, and you were my princess, you know, like the one in the story:

'And o'er the hills and far away,  
Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
Beyond the night, across the day,  
Through all the world she followed him.'"

Millie smiled a little at this, and said:

"Yes, I came willingly enough, but I did not know how dreary it was out here beyond the 'utmost rim' of the hills."

"Poor child! does your head ache to-day?"

He would fain have found some physical cause for her depression.

"No, I don't think it does much; but my heart—that feels like a leaden weight."

She turned again to the door and looked off over the prairie shimmering under the hot July sunshine. How dreary and barren it looked.

"Come, dear, put up our lunch and get your hat, and we'll go over to the cotton-woods for our Sunday outing."

"There's nothing new to see at the cotton-woods."

"Why, yes, Millie; you forget the swing I put up for you last Sunday."

"Oh! yes, you're a dear good fellow not to get out of patience with me, after all, but I do get so discouraged and homesick."

"Yes, but never mind now, we won't be homesick to-day. Let's start before the sun gets hotter."

And in a few minutes they started off quite merrily, swinging a pail between them like Jack and Jill in the olden story, only the pail contained a substantial lunch and a can of coffee for their picnic dinner, but, unlike their famous predecessors, they had no hill to climb. Oh! if there only was one—one, no matter how rocky and steep, Millie thought; and ferny hollows and almost inaccessible grottoes, such as she used to delight in near her old Eastern home.

But instead here was only the rolling, blossom-covered prairie seemingly limitless; not a house in sight except their own, no passing of wagons save at long intervals, no fruitful orchards and groves of maples, and no human companionship—this last, worst of all.

To be sure she had Jack, and he was the best company in the world, but how

it would stir and freshen both of them up if they only had near neighbors, even if they did borrow tea and molasses, baking-powder and matches, and forget to return them as some neighbors do. But, on the other hand, she could borrow of them when she got out of things and Jack was too busy to go to town, for there was a town consisting of some thirty houses a dozen miles away to the north, and at eleven o'clock on Sundays there was always a meeting held in the little school-house.

Jack and Millie had sometimes gone over, and how good and restful, and like the dear old times it seemed to be again in a worshipping assembly, and then after service was over to receive the cordial greeting of the genial villagers. But several weeks had gone by and the young couple had not been over. The horses had worked hard, and one had been lame, and then Jack had to go almost every week for supplies and the mail which was the one connecting link with the Eastern world.

But now when Jack saw how forlorn his little wife was feeling, his conscience upbraided him for not taking her over to church.

"But never mind, my dear!" he said; "we'll go next Sunday. I'll try and favor the horses on Saturday, so they can endure the trip."

"And, oh! do you think we'll get a letter next week, or even a paper? If folks only knew how hungry we grow for such things!"

"Why, yes, I think we'll get something. Aunt Abby 'll be sure to write before long!"

"Dear auntie! she's the very busiest one of them all, and yet she writes oftenest and the longest letters, all full of just what I want most to know: the girls can't seem to remember how I long to know every little detail about the dear old place."

The native place of John and Millie

was a thriving populous New England village, but he had the Western fever before they became engaged, and after that it revived again, although he knew Millie's parents would not give her up to such exile: he could not ask it, either, for she was their only one. But a few months after the marriage, both parents had died, he of an accident, and she of a chronic disease; and then there was no barrier to the Westward move if Millie was willing, and she, dear girl, said: "anywhere with Jack!" so they had been settled in their prairie home for over a year. They had not expected to be so isolated, but the man who owned the section next to them had been bereaved of his wife, and so had lost heart and interest in his new purchase and had never come to reside on it. And poor Millie sometimes in her moods of homesickness said, bitterly:

"It's just as well that Mrs. Ray died before she came; she would certainly have died soon of fear and horror in this forlorn place!"

But Jack's wife was not always so despondent, by any means. She often sang blithely about her housework, and then took her sewing and followed him out to the barn or the field, wherever his work might be, and chatted and laughed like the gay little girl he had married. But when she had moods similar to this Sunday morning, he looked at her pityingly, and reproached himself for transplanting her to so desolate a spot simply that he might count his acres by the hundreds, and possibly sell city building-lots—in the far future—at fabulous prices.

Sometimes they had a hired man, but no more than could be helped, for the young proprietor was thrifty and saving, and he and his nearest neighbor three miles away often worked together. Millie had sometimes gone over with Jack and spent the day with Mrs. Dalton, but they did not get on well together. Mrs. Dalton was a true pioneer and

looked askance at the new-comer's dainty collar and cuffs, or bit of ruching or bow of ribbon; and she not only looked, but spoke her disapproval of such vanities, and said so much about a woman's duty—how she ought to be a help and not a hindrance when her husband was trying so hard to get along, that finally Millie, who did not think she deserved such severe reproof, lost all pleasure in her company and kept away from her.

She had been brooding over all these things that morning, and wishing seemingly in vain that something would happen to give a zest to their prosaic life; and now she sat slowly swaying in the little rope-swing in the shade of the cotton-woods, her eyes fixed longingly on the far line, where the sky and the prairie seemed to touch each other, while Jack, reclining at his ease, read a verse now and then from a book of poems, until he was startled by these words:

"Jack! there's something moving off there!"

He rose instantly and searched the horizon with his keen eyes.

"Yes; it looks like a prairie schooner, Millie."

"Then that means people, Jack; how nice!"

"Yes, if they *are* nice; as they may be if they do travel on Sunday; perhaps they have lost reckoning of the day of the week: they are moving very slow, at any rate."

"Do you s'pose they'll want to stop at our house?" asked Millie, excitedly.

"I wouldn't wonder. Do you want company to dinner? If you don't, I'm sure we're not at home!"

"O Jack! I wouldn't miss of seeing them for anything! Won't I give them a welcome? that is, if they're not perfect savages; but they won't be, for only families travel that way now. Of course, I want company to dinner. What a treat it will be. Come, let's go!"

"There's no hurry; they're miles away yet."

"Yes: but I didn't do the housework extra good this morning. You know we got up late, and then I—well, I felt discouraged."

"Yes, poor child! you had the blues, surely."

"Forgive me, Jack! I'm right now. Come!"

And back to the house they started, as merry as two children over their possible visitors, but they soon slackened their pace.

"Why, Millie, this heat is something fearful! such a close, sickening air, isn't it?"

"Yes, and the breeze has all died out, too."

When they reached the house, the little woman, regardless of the heat, flitted about, picking up here and there, and looking over her larder to see what she could set out at short notice for a meal, and going to the door every few minutes to help her husband watch the slowly-approaching wagon.

As it came up, they went out to greet the travelers, but before they had a chance to say a word, a strong cheery voice sang out:

"Well, neighbors, I declare I'm jest about tickled to death to set eyes on a human habertation and human folks ag'in! This ere is the longest drawn-out country I ever seen yet. Don't s'pose you was expectin' to see company comin' along to-day, was yer?"

"Well, no," said Jack, "we didn't expect any such good luck, but you're more than welcome to the best we've got, I assure you!"

"Now that's clever of ye—an' us bein' tetotal strangers, too. This ere's Mis' Brown, my good woman; too good fer me, some says."

The lady came out from under the canvas, smiling, partly at her husband's off-

hand introduction, and partly in genuine pleasure at beholding the face of another woman, who cordially grasped her hand.

"Yes, she was bound to foller me to the world's end, an' blest if I think it can be much further on; an' this 'ere's Jim, an' that one's Cory—they've come out to grow up with the country, as they say down East; an' here's Pete, the mainstay of the fam'ly; he's jest laid himself out, after braggin' all along how he was goin' to do a man's work equal to his old father soon as ever we come to our section; an' day 'fore yesterday he twisted his ankle a-jumpin' out the waggin. Boys is alwers an' forever kiterin' around an' doin some mischief to theirselves, an' we hadn't nothin' to put onto his poor foot but water; we tried it, both hot an' cold, an' didn't know which was the wust! Wife, good, thoughtful soul, she laid in a bottle of camfire an' one of perrygoric for emergencies when we started, but one day the stopple got out of the camfire an' the hull of it went soakin' down into the straw 'fore ever anybody could stop it. I laughed to see it go, never dreamin' how soon I'd give a dollar to hev it back, or some other liniment for Pete."

All through this running explanation the father was busy helping his family out, and carrying his oldest boy in his strong arms into the house.

"There, my man, now the women-folk'll nurse your poor ankle till it's well in a jiffy. Whew! aint it a hot day, though? it did appear we should wilt comin' along these last few miles, hosses an' all!"

While the men went out to care for the team, the women and children proceeded to get acquainted. Pete's injured limb was laid out in state on a pillow, and Millie hastened to bring out all the lotions she had at hand, and then began preparations for dinner, while the children ran in and out, full of curiosity and pleasure.

"We've been some time on the way," said the mother, as she attended to Pete. "I don't know as it pays to travel such a slow way, but father he thought he must keep the team, an' there's no railroad very direct, either. Ye see, we aint come from way East now this trip; we've moved three times, an' always a little further West, an' I told father this time was the last. I won't pull up ag'in, not—"

"Yes, missus, that's jest what she said," broke in the jolly voice of her husband, "jest what she told me! so I shall have to settle down to stay this time, for when wife gits her mind sot like that it's sot to stay!"

"Now, father, you know I always give in!"

"Yes, I know you're meeker'n Moses, but, see here, this good woman mustn't put on any extras for us this hot day! We aint in no starvin' condition, missus, though it will seem good to set down to a tablecloth an' eat like Christians once more, after gipsying along as we have been of late. An' how's yer foot now, my nimble Pete? better, eh? I 'lowed 'twould be, soon as ever we could get some medicine for it. That's why we pushed on of a Sunday—thought it wouldn't be no sin to hunt up a house."

The young housekeepers worked away at the dinner, laughing meanwhile at the remarks of their free-and-easy guest, and when they finally sat down to eat it was hard to tell who of the little crowd was the happiest; but, at all events, there was no thought of lonesomeness, and Millie was proud of the chance to use her best table-linen, and so many of her pretty dishes at once, and all praised the good dinner.

After it was over the men strolled out, and the women washed the dishes, and later all gathered on the shady side of the house, and visited like old friends.

But they could not help exclaiming about the heat and the oppressive feeling of it, which hourly seemed to grow worse.



"Ever have tornadoes here?" asked Mr. Brown.

"No; there have been no storms worse than those in the East since we've been here, and older residents say the same thing."

"That's comfortin'! I alwers inquire about that when I move to a place; any-thing but bein' picked up by a wind an' travelin' off without a minnit's notice. No, them tornado belts of country I steer clear off, any how."

But in spite of the good record of the past, it became evident toward night that some unusual storm was brewing. The air grew lurid and still more lifeless; the cattle and horses became restless; and the men went about making things as snug and secure as possible against the coming tempest.

"I wish I had shelter for your wagon," said Jack; "we had better unload it, if not waterproof."

"Oh! the cover's good. My sakes! we've been out in rains. Wind is all I'm afraid of; an' I've never seen no sky look like that afore."

"Is it going to be a dreadful shower?" asked Millie, anxiously, as they came to the house.

"Can't tell yet, dear; we must watch it, and run down-cellar if the wind is strong. We've got a good deep cellar," added Jack, turning to his guests; "we won't be blown away."

"That's cheerin', anyhow. I'd ruther crawl over the prairie as we did to-day than be hustled along over it like a stray leaf. See them there clouds tumblin' over each other now, an' the lightnin' streakin' through? My grashus! there's some terrible power to work over yender—reg'ler batt'le in the air."

All watched the clouds breathlessly until there seemed to be a sudden forward movement among them, and a sullen roar filled the breathless air.

"Come," said Jack, "no time to lose now; run for the cellar," and, bolting the

door, he followed them down the stairs and grasped Millie's quivering hand in the darkness. The children began to cry with fright, notwithstanding their father's reassuring words, but all voices were speedily drowned by the terrible roar, which grew louder and nearer until it seemed as if a dozen rail-trains must be passing over their heads, and instinctively all crouched to the earth expecting the house to be swept off from above them, but after a breathless moment or two the fearful noise receded and passed slowly away.

"It has spared the house," said Jack, thankfully. "I hope the poor animals have escaped."

He opened the cellar-door, and the sunshine was streaming across the room.

"Come up; the storm's all over," he shouted, "and no harm done," he added, looking out to the barn and garden.

They all hastened out-door to look, and breathe the sweet, fresh air.

"O Jack! look at the cotton-woods."

Half of them or more were leveled to the ground or carried away, and far over the prairie one could trace the width and track of the wind-cloud that had swept the land. Jack's growing crops, of which he had been so proud, had severely suffered, but in his great thankfulness he had no room for regret over small losses.

"If that air wind had caught us out on the trail," said Mr. Brown, musingly, "it wouldn't have left even kindling-wood of that big waggin, an' wife an' children would have gone straight to Heaven, an' I—well, I wouldn't 'a' been contented 'thout goin' along with 'em."

"Jack!" said Millie, solemnly that night, "I've been a wicked woman. I see it now."

"Why, Millie, what an idea. Are you daft?"

"No, I'm only selfish and ungrateful—or have been. This very morning I was wishing for something to happen—any-

*thing*—I said, to break the monotony. Then these folks came. I'm glad of that and wish they wasn't going away to-morrow. But, oh! that cyclone. I wasn't

thankful for the peace and the sunshine, and said I'd rather hear the wind blow than to hear nothing. But, O Jack! hasn't God been good to us after all?"

LILLIAN GREY.

## COMING HOME TO TEA.

THE fire is burning gayly  
The kettle sings its best ;  
All things are bright and cheerful  
Here in our sweet home nest.  
There's nothing now, my baby,  
To do for you and me,  
But just to watch for Someone  
Coming home to tea.

We'll take our cozy places  
Here in the window seat,  
Where he'll be sure to spy us .  
Far down the chilly street.  
He says it makes him warmer,  
O Baby! just to see  
The roof that we are under,  
When coming home to tea.

In all the land, my darling,  
He says—and true it is—  
There's not another baby  
That's half so sweet as his!  
And then—but this is nonsense,  
And just to make me laugh—  
He knows there's not another wife  
That's even half-of half.

Now think what he'll be bringing  
To us to-night, my pet ;  
A cheery smile, for one thing,  
That never failed us yet ;  
A merry word of greeting,  
And kisses two or three !  
For that's the way our Someone  
Comes always home to tea.

But there are those, my darling—  
Aye, in this very street—  
Whose ears have lost the music  
Of homeward hast'ning feet.  
Oh! pity, and remember  
How happy we should be,  
To have Someone to watch for,  
Coming home to tea.

## LETTERS FROM VANITY FAIR.

VANITY FAIR, June 15th.

DEAR EDITORS:—It seems a whole age since I sent you my last letter.

I feel as old as the hills, because you see so many things have happened. There! I may as well blurt it out first as last, instead of "beating around the bush" for ever so long. *I am engaged!* I have actually promised to marry that very man that I've talked to you so outrageously about. This minute, as I am writing you this letter, there is a great solitaire diamond almost as big as the Koh-i-noor blazing on the third finger of my left hand, and I *suppose* I ought to consider myself one of the most fortunate girls in this whole city. Mamma says I am, at all events, and *she* never gets tired of looking at my ring, but I tell you candidly *I* almost hate it. At night when I am alone in my room, I don't seem able to see one single thing in the world but that ring, and it looks just like a great, cold, shining eye looking at me, yes, and through me, too, and I just snatch it off my finger and sling it into the top drawer with the hair-pins and curl-papers, and things.

You want to know, don't you, how all this has come about?

Well, the truth is, I can hardly tell myself, except that Mr. Ellinwood just kept on coming to see me all the time, and didn't seem to even remember that I had said "No," instead of yes; and then there was mamma, it's all mamma after all.

She always could make me *do* anything, and *believe* anything, and she kept on telling me what a brilliant match it would be for me—such a fortunate "settlement," as she called it, and how all the girls in our set would be green with envy because they had tried to attract Mr. Ellinwood themselves.

I asked mamma flatly, one day, the question:

"Don't folks have to *fall in love* with each other to be married?"

"Yes, Eva, that is true as a general rule, but respect and confidence are all that is really necessary," was her reply.

I held out for weeks, but now I just leave it to you, what could a girl do with her own mother urging and pleading the whole time, yes, and crying, too, for mamma wept at what she called "my insensibility to my own interests and the good of my family." Then the loveliest flowers came every day, and heaps of novels, and the daintiest boxes of Huyler's most exquisite bon-bons, and Mr. Ellinwood bought the most perfect saddle-horse, and took me to ride nearly every single day.

I *do* ride well, I know that about myself, and sometimes, as we cantered through the park I would forget his bald head and all that sort of thing.

When I began to weaken, mamma, like a skillful general, saw her chance, and trotted out her reserve, which, of course, was the "trousseau."

"Eva," she said, "if you are a sensible girl, and decide this matter, as I feel sure you will, you shall have the very best outfit that money can buy. Your papa has told me to do just what I wish about it, and the wedding-dress shall be from Worth's, and Redfern shall make all your walking costumes."

I suppose I ought to be ashamed to confess it, but all this did dazzle me a little. Girls are *so* silly about such things, you know. Why, I heard Daisy Allen say that she would be willing to marry *anybody* for the sake of having a trousseau from abroad.

Then Mr. Ellinwood told mamma about

some rare old family jewels that he hoped would please *me*—that was exciting, now was it not?

I only tell you these little things so you can see how the engagement came to be. It is really so long since I sent you that last letter that I can't recall any of it now, but, for Heaven's sake don't let one of my letters ever get back here to Vanity Fair, for I have no doubt I talked scandalously. I hope I didn't say too much about Mr. Ellinwood, for he is really quite nice.

He is only forty-eight years old, and I don't think he is quite as thin as he was last winter, and I am trying to like side whiskers, and use broad "a's," and say "don't you know?" about every third sentence, and we are to live in England, of course, and just to think of having my visiting cards engraved, "The Hon. Mrs. Ellinwood," and, perhaps, some day being "Lady Ellinwood;" mamma says it is all enough to turn any girl's head.

Papa don't look very happy about it, but he has given his consent and never alludes to the subject, only the other night he came into my room, looking so pale and haggard that I was scared.

He just took me in his arms and hugged me close to him.

"Eva, are you *sure* you want to marry this man?" he said.

"Yes, papa," I answered, "if you are willing."

"Poor little thing," he said, "my precious child, my pet," and he kissed me and went away, but after he was gone I found my cheek wet with papa's tears.

Papa is so different from mamma, you see. He is, I suspect, or *was*, rather sentimental and romantic, and mamma is so practical; and, besides, he has a foolish prejudice against these foreign marriages. I overheard him telling mamma that Englishmen who came over here to marry were a "confounded set of fortune hunters."

I do hope it is not my engagement that

makes papa so blue and silent. Mamma says it is because he is so engrossed in his business, but I am really anxious about him all the time.

Did I tell you how the engagement was "announced"? Mamma gave the most elegant and select little lunch to twelve of her most intimate lady friends. Every one said it was a most perfect affair. I sat at one end of the table opposite mamma and had the loveliest new dress just for the occasion.

The fancy ices were twenty dollars a dozen, and we had imported bon-bons and hand-painted cards at every plate, et cetera.

After we had left the table and gone back to the parlor, mamma told the joyful news to the ladies and received their congratulations in her most gracious style, but I felt like a goose as well as an arrant little hypocrite standing there and smiling while they talked about my *happiness*. Fiddlesticks! as if every last one of those dear friends of mamma's didn't know that *happiness* didn't have one single thing to do with it, but just that Mr. Ellinwood is English and belongs to an old and noble family, and all that. There is *one* comfort, and it is a comfort, sure enough. I know they would all be only too glad if one of their daughters were in my place.

Heigh-ho! I am getting so complaisant and so worldly. I amaze myself, actually.

Mamma says that I am wonderfully improved, that she never saw a girl for whom one season in society had done as much. It may be true in one way, but I confess I felt disgusted with myself while I stood there giggling and talking to those twelve women about "Mr. Ellinwood's family seat in Sussex," and "liking the prospect of having to live in England so much," and ever so much more rubbish of the same sort.

I certainly am not the same girl that I was a year ago. Don't you know, I told you how dreadfully scared I was at my coming-out "tea"? Well, Mr. Ellin-



wood's fiancé is a very different young person from *that* little frightened thing, I can tell you.

But it is not *all* smooth sailing with me. I have my trials, I assure you.

There is Fred, my brother, he just torments the life nearly out of me. Only yesterday morning he said, "I say, Sis, you ought to have a little card pinned to your dress with 'Sold' printed on it. Don't you know how they do at the church fair? they let the pretty things stay on the tables but put the mark on so they can't be touched." And then again, "It *is* pretty big game you have bagged, but in my opinion you wouldn't have done it if 'the governor' hadn't been put down in the papers as one of the double-headed millionaires," then he waltzed me all around the room and wound up in the most aggravating manner by taking off Mr. Ellinwood's way of entering the parlor—twirling imaginary side-whiskers and saying, "English, don't you know?"

I did try to keep my temper, but I leave it to you if that wasn't hard for me.

Of course, papa is very rich. Everybody knows that. He is president of the largest bank in the city, and he's got mines out West, too, and then he owned nearly all of that booming Southern town that was called Thorntonville after him, besides a great deal of other property, but I do know that money had not one thing to do with Mr. Ellinwood's offer, for he told me that he fell in love with me the very first time he ever saw me, and he couldn't have known *then* whether papa was rich or not.

The girls have all been to see me to congratulate and to talk about the wedding, and I have already promised ever so many of them a seat inside the ribbons, for it is to be a church wedding of course, with six bridesmaids, and Peepy is to walk up the aisle in front of us with a great basket of white roses;

that is, if he don't run away or break one of his legs just at the time.

The "event" is fixed for the last of November and Mr. Ellinwood has got to go to England to arrange some matters about property, but he will only be gone a month. We—that is, mamma, Blanche, and I—are going to Bar Harbor, and if we can, after that we will go to Lenox for a few weeks. You know how very exclusive the Lenox set is, well, ever so many of them have left their cards at our house just since my engagement was announced. Mamma was just jubilant. "See, Eva," she said, "your sensible conduct has already brought most gratifying results."

Yet, even mamma, in the midst of her flutter of triumph about me, poor mamma has her trials, and that is one of the things that I have found out about all the folks here in Vanity Fair. They've *all* got their troubles to bear and some of them are awful ones, too.

Now, there is Jennie Seeley's brother Hal. He was first-honor man in his class at college, and *so* clever, and such a fine speaker that they were just as proud of him as they could be. Well, it commenced with drinking—then he gradually dropped out of good society, and a few weeks ago he ran off and married a girl out of the "Varieties theatre," and now they never speak Hal's name in the house, and yet Mrs. Seeley and Jennie are just as gay as ever, and you meet them everywhere just the same, and I *know* it isn't that they don't care, for they just *worshipped* that boy.

And there are the Jennifers, who go to our church and live around on the next square, they have had a family trouble that has nearly killed them all—and that was Susie Jennifer's going on the stage. She is their only daughter, and so pretty and so bright, too, and with a voice that would just wile a bird off a tree; and old Judge Jennifer had spent quantities

of money in cultivating it, finally sending her over to Paris to study, and then—here came the coolest letter saying that she had found her "vocation"—she was determined to go on the stage.

The poor old Judge took the next steamer for Europe, but it was of no use, for he came back in a month looking twenty years older than when he started.

Susie is now singing in comic opera, under a stage-name, and her mother, nobody has ever seen since it all came out in the papers.

They say she is suffering from nervous prostration, but it is very generally understood that the poor woman is in a private insane asylum.

Our family trouble may not be as public as that, but it is only because mamma is such a strong-minded woman and bears up so bravely.

One night Blanche and I were sitting in the parlor after the lights were turned out talking a little over the remains of the wood-fire, when all of a sudden the door-bell pealed through the house so loudly that we both sprang up in alarm, and papa and mamma both came out on the landing to see what could have happened. We followed Andrew, the butler, to the door, and there were two big policemen holding up by main strength a limp form that looked like a dead man.

"Is this Mr. Thornton's house?" we heard from one of them.

"Yes," was Andrew's reply, "and what do you want here at this time of night?"

"Sure, and it's the name we've found in the wes'ket-pocket of this yer young gentleman, and so we made bould to fetch him here 'stid of to the station-house," was the answer.

"Turn on the light, Andrew," said papa's voice, but it sounded so hoarse and strained, and you can guess what we all felt when, in the full blaze from the gas-jet, we saw that the unconscious thing was

Fred—our Fred! papa's eldest son, and my brother.

"Bring him in here, my men," said papa, throwing open the library-door, and they laid him on the crimson velvet sofa, and went away looking so sorry for us. Papa went to the door with them and gave them money, and then came back looking so white and stern and old, and stood looking down into the whiter face of his boy. I tell you it was an *awful* scene to live through.

There was mamma on her knees beside him wailing:

"My boy! my child! O Fred! Fred!"

I was wild with fear of something I didn't know what, and screamed out:

"O papa! is he *dead*? do something! send for a doctor! try to help him!"

At this poor Blanche burst out into the strangest, wildest laugh that was enough to make your blood run cold, and then throwing her arms over her head she just dropped down on the carpet beside me in a dead faint.

Papa turned around and lifted her up so tenderly, groaning as if he were in mortal agony, then he spoke to me.

"No, Eva, your brother is *not* dead. Would to God I had *seen* him dead before this hour. Fred is only *drunk*, that is all."

"Oh! the horror of that night! It just stays with me and I see it constantly in my dreams still."

Poor mamma spoke not one word, but she got a blanket and spread it over Fred, and then she crouched down on the floor beside him, like some wounded animal, and there she stayed the night through.

I got Blanche up-stairs at last, but she was like a maniac for hours after.

"That is the thing!" she cried, wildly; "that is the curse! that is what papa saved me from! Frank Archer was on the same road, and he saw it and rescued

me! O Eva! Eva! think what it would be to see your own *husband* brought home like *that*! Poor, poor mamma!"

Well, we all lived through that night. Folks do live through so many things that if they knew about beforehand would almost kill them just in the anticipation. I felt ten years older the next morning, and Blanche had great dark rings around her eyes, and shook like a leaf while she dressed, but we all faced it bravely because there was nothing else to do.

If you will believe it, we actually had our usual Tuesday reception-day, and mamma was her own gracious hospitable self, and I stood beside her for hours talking and laughing as if I had not a care in the world.

Some things will never cease to puzzle me. You would think, now wouldn't you, that one such night as that one in our house would have made a decided temperance woman of my mother? Not a bit of it. I actually heard her saying to *Fred* after that *night*,

"I do wish your father were not so fanatical on the subject of temperance, for *Eva's* wedding breakfast without wine will be so common."

I just *know* you think we are the queerest family you ever heard of. I can't help it. I started out to tell you just the truth, and I've done it.

To go back to the engagement, I find it is not altogether as nice as one would fancy to be an engaged girl.

You are somehow *out of things*. Now not a single man comes to see me, and just *entré nous*, I do get so awfully tired of talking to the same one every single night, and I don't believe you blame me for it, either, now do you? The girls all come very often to see me, but they throw in little spiteful remarks about being "an old man's darling," et cetera. I know they are all green with envy, but it stings all the same. I am just as glad as I can be

about *one* thing, and that is that I shall not live here at Vanity Fair any longer. Things are so hollow, I don't believe in people as I used to. I am completely *désillusionnée*, as the French say, which, being interpreted, means that I have found out that my doll is stuffed with sawdust.

I used to believe in friendship, but now I just *know* that there is no such thing in the world.

Now, for an instance, there was Tom Smith. I've known that boy ever since he wore pinafores, and we've played "hie spy" and "prisoners' base" by the hour together when we were wee little dots of children, and after all *that* he very nearly cut me dead on the street just after my engagement was announced. My lord just lifted his hat the least bit in the world, and said, "Good morning, Miss Thornton," as stiff and as cold as you please. He might at least have shaken hands and congratulated me, but it just shows what a man's friendship is worth.

To tell you the plain, unvarnished truth, I do get awfully depressed some of the time. The dressmakers are sending home the loveliest dresses for my Bar Harbor outfit, and Mr. Ellinwood has sent on his pair of splendid bays and the saddle-horse for me, and mamma just *beams* her approval upon me *all* the time, and I know I ought to be perfectly happy.

I've got a strange feeling that it is all unreal, that something dreadful is going to happen. I am worried about papa. He walks the library floor all night very often, and looks so old and so haggard.

I know it can't be *Fred* that he is worried about, for he is doing a great deal better now since papa has given him a place in the bank, where he can keep an eye on him. There, I shall have to stop writing now, for Mr. Ellinwood has come for me to drive with him.

You may look out for one more letter from me while my name is

EVA THORNTON.

## ALAS!

### CHAPTER XVII.

IT is past seven o'clock by the time the party breaks up at the door of the Anglo-Américain.

"Are you coming to look in upon us to-night?" asks Amelia, as her lover holds out his hand in farewell to her.

He hesitates. In his own mind he had planned another disposition of his evening hours to that suggested by her.

"What do you advise?" he asks. "Shall you spend the evening in the usual way?"

"I suppose so," she answers. "I suppose we shall read aloud; you know father likes to make our evenings as like our home ones as possible, and Sybilla—"

"Then it is no use my coming," he interrupts. "I should have no good of you; but, of course, if you wish it, dear—if it would give you any satisfaction—"

"But it would not," cries she, anxious as usual to be, if possible, beforehand with his lightest wish; "when you are by I always lose my place and father scolds me! No, you had far better not come. I must not be greedy"—in a lower key. "I had quite half an hour, nearly three-quarters, of you this afternoon."

Without trusting herself to any farther speech she disappears, and he, with a sigh that is only half of relief, turns away from the hotel door.

He reaches No. 12 Bis, and finds the porter's wife sitting at the door of her *loge* and smiling at him with all her white teeth, as if she knew that he had come on some pleasant errand. He climbs the naked stone stairs and rings the bell. It is answered by Annunziata, who, smiling, too, as if she were saying something very agreeable, conveys to him that the signora and the signorina are out.

He will wait for them.

It is not until he has been left alone for a quarter of an hour in the little salon that he has time to ask himself, nervously, whether the amount of his acquaintance with them, or the importance of the tidings he brings, justifies his thus thrusting himself upon their evening privacy. The table—since they have obviously but one sitting-room—is spread for their simple supper—a coarse, white cloth, a wicker-covered bottle of rough Chian wine, and a copper pot full of delicately odorous Freesias.

He strolls to the window, where the twilight is taking all the color out of the Judas flowers, thence to the piano upon which Schubert's "*Trockne Blumen*" stands open. Absently he repeats aloud the song's joyous words:

"Der Lenz wird kommen, der Winter ist aus!"

Is her "*Winter aus*?" Judging by the look in her eyes it has been a long and cruel one. If he wishes to put the question to her, she comes in just in time to answer it—enters laggingly, as one tired, blinking a little from the sudden, crude lamplight after the soft, feather-handed dusk. She is evidently unprepared to find any one in the room and gives a frightened jump when she sees a man's figure approaching her. Even when she recognizes him the scared look lingers.

"I hope you will excuse my taking such a liberty. I know that I had no business to come in when I was told you were out," he says incoherently, "but—I thought—I hoped—I had an idea—that you might be glad to hear—"

He stops, puzzled how to word his piece of intelligence, whether or not to name the person whose existence had yesterday seemed to inspire her with such terror.



She has sunk down upon a chair, holding her hat in her hands, the little waves of her hair, straightened out by the night wind, invading her forehead more than their wont and giving her an unfamiliar look.

"To hear what?" asks Mrs. Le Marchant, who, following her daughter more leisurely, has come in just in time to catch the last few words of Burgoyne's speech dissevered from their context. He begins that speech again, still more stammeringly than before.

"I thought you might be glad to hear that the—the inquiries you asked me—I mean that I promised to make—that the person relating to whom I—I made inquiries leaves Florence to-morrow."

He hears a long, sighing breath that may mean relief, that may mean only distress at the introduction of the subject from the chair beside him, while the elder woman says in a low, abrupt voice:

"To-morrow? Are you sure? How do you know?"

"He said so himself to-day."

"Have you met him? Have you been talking to him?"

It seems to Jim as if there were a sharp apprehension mixed with the abruptness of her tone as she puts the two last questions. He makes a gesture of eager denial.

"Heaven forbid! I have taken great care to avoid recalling myself to his memory. I have no desire to renew my acquaintance with him. I—I—hate the sight of him!"

"Then how do you know that it is true?"

"He told an—an acquaintance of mine; he was complaining of the discomfort of his hotel, and on her recommending him to change it he answered that it was not worth while, as he was leaving Florence to-morrow."

"We are extremely obliged to you for having taken so much trouble for us, and it must seem very strange to you that we

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should be so anxious to hear that this—this person has left Florence, but in so small a place one is sure to be always coming into collision with those whom one would rather avoid, and there are reasons which—which make it very—painful to us to meet him."

So saying, she turns away precipitately and leaves the room hastily by another door from that by which they both entered. Elizabeth remains lying back in her chair, looking as white as the table-cloth. Out of her eyes, however, has gone the distressed look of fear, and in them is dawning instead a little friendly smile.

"When you look so kind and interested," she cries, impulsively, sitting up in her chair, with a transparent little hand on each arm of it, "I feel a fraud."

She stops.

"I look interested because I feel interested," returns he doggedly; "fraud or not—but" (in a distressed voice) "do not, even in joke, call yourself ugly names—fraud or not, you cannot hinder me."

"Do not be interested in me," says she, in her plaintive, cooing voice, "we are very bad people to get interested in, we are not repaying people to be interested in. I think—that perhaps" (slowly and dreamily) "under other circumstances we might have been pleasant enough. Are you sure that he is really gone—going, I mean," she asks, in an excited, low voice. "Going to-morrow morning, as you say? Oh! I wish it were to-morrow morning! But perhaps when to-morrow morning comes, he will have changed his mind. Was he quite, quite sure about it?"

"He said he was going to-morrow morning," replies Jim, repeating Cecilia's quotation from her new friend's conversation with conscientious exactness; "that it was not worth while to change his hotel, as he was leaving Florence to-morrow morning."

"He will not go," she says, shaking her head with restless dejection; "no—

body but would be loth to leave this heavenly place"—glancing out affectionately through the open window, even at the commonplace and now almost night-shaded Piazza garden—"we shall find that he is not gone after all."

"Nothing will be easier to ascertain than that fact," says Burgoyne, eagerly catching at so easy an opportunity for help and service; "now that I know which is his hotel, I can inquire there to-morrow morning, and bring you word at once."

"Could you, would you?" cries she, life and light springing back into her dejected eyes at his proposal; "but, no," with an accent of remorse, "why should you? Why should we keep you running upon our errands? What right have we to take up your time?"

"My time," repeats he, ironically. "I am like the German Prince, mentioned by Heine, who spent his leisure hours—hours of which he had twenty-four every day—in—"

"But if we do not rob you," interrupts Elizabeth, looking at him in some surprise, "we rob Miss—Miss Wilson. What will she say to us?"

"She will be only too glad," replies he, stiffly, a douche of cold water thrown on his foolish heart by the little hesitation which had preceded her pronouncement of Amelia's name, showing that her interest in him had not had keenness enough even to induce her to master his betrothed's appellation.

"Will she?" rejoins Elizabeth. "How good of her! and how unlike most very happy people! Happy people are generally rather exacting; but she looks good. She has a dear face!"

He is silent. To hear the one woman's innocent and unconscious encomiums of the other fills him with an emotion that ties his never-ready tongue. She mistakes the cause of his muteness.

"I am afraid I have vexed you," she says, sweetly and humbly, "I had no

business to praise her to you; it was like praising a person to himself; but do not be angry with me—I did not mean to be impertinent!"

One small, fragile hand is hanging over the arm of her hard lodging-house arm-chair, and before he has an idea of what his own intentions are it is lying, without any asking of its consent, in his.

"I will not—I will not let you say such things," he says, trembling. "She is good: she has a dear face: and I love to hear you say so! May I—may I bring her to see you?"

As he makes this request, he feels the little fingers that are lying in his palm give a nervous start; and at once, quietly but determinedly, the captive hand is withdrawn. It and its fellow fly up to her face, and together quite cover it from his view. Though, as I have said, they are small, yet, it being small too to match them, they conceal it entirely.

"You will not say no?" he cries, anxiously. "I am sure you will not say no! I shall feel very much snubbed if you do."

Still no answer. Still that shielded face, and the ominous silence behind it. He rises, a dark red spreading over his features.

"I must apologize for having made the suggestion. I can only beg you to forget that it ever was made. Good-bye!"

He has nearly reached the door when he hears the *frou frou* of her gown, and turning, sees that her unsteady feet have carried her after him, and that her face is changing from crimson to white and back again with startling rapidity.

"I thought you would have understood," she says, faintly. "I thought that you were the one person who would not have misunderstood."

His conscience pricks him, but he is never very quick to be able to own himself in the wrong, and before he can bring himself to frame any sentence that smacks of apology and regret, she re-

sumes, with a little more composure and in a conventional voice:

"You know—we told you—even at Genoa—that—that we are not going out, that we do not wish to make any new acquaintances!"

"I know," replies he, with some indignation, "that that is the hollow formal bulletin you issue to the world in general, but I thought—I hoped—"

"Do not bring her to see me," she interrupts, abandoning her effort for composure, and speaking in a broken voice, while her eyes swim in tears. "She—she might be sorry—she—she might not like it—afterward!"

He looks back at her with an almost terrified air. Is the answer to her sad riddle coming to him thus? Has he had the brutality to force her into giving it?

"You have been so kind in not asking me any questions, you have even given up alluding to old times since you saw that it hurt me; but you must see—of course you do—that—that there is something—in me—not like other people; something that—that prevents—my—having any friends! I have not a friend in the world" (with a low sob) "except my mother—except mammy! Do you think" (breaking into a watery smile) "that it is very silly of me, at my age, to call her 'mammy' still?"

"I think," he says, "that I am one of the greatest brutes out, and that I should be thankful if some one would kick me down-stairs."

And with this robust expression of self-depreciation, he takes his hat and departs.

It is morning. The east wind is clean gone, and the streets are full of the scent of the innumerable lilies of the valley, of which everybody's hands are full. Upon Jim's entrance Cecilia lays down her paper and at once offers to go in search of her sister, with whom she shortly returns. Amelia greets him with her usual patient and perfectly unrancorous smile, but his second glance at her tells him that she is

looking old and fagged. It is only in very early youth that vigils and worries and self-denials do not write their names upon the skin.

"How—how pale you are!" he says. If he had given utterance to the word that hovered on his lips he would have cried, "how yellow!" "*No sleep, no fresh air,*" in an injured tone, checking off the items on his fingers.

"*But I have had fresh air,*" smiling at him, with pale affection; "one day Mrs. Byng took me out for a drive. Mrs. Byng has been very kind to me."

"You can go out driving with Mrs. Byng then, though you could not spare time to come out with me," he says, in a surly voice.

She does not defend herself, but her lower lip trembles.

"Come out with me now," he cries, remorse giving a harshness even to the tone of the sincerely meant invitation. "You look like a geranium in a cellar; it is a divine day, a day to make the old feel young, and the young immortal; come out and stay out with me all day. I will take you wherever you like. I will—"

"I could not leave father this morning. He will not take his medicine from any one else, and he likes me to sit with him while he eats his arrow-root."

"He is really not at all exacting," continues Amelia; "he was quite pleased just now when I told him that Mrs. Byng was going to take me to a party at the Villa Schiavone this afternoon. He said—"

"Mrs. Byng! Mrs. Byng again!"

This is not what Mr. Wilson said, but is the expression of the unjust wrath which Burgoyne, feeling it much pleasanter to be angry with some one else than himself, is artificially and not unsuccessfully fostering. Again Amelia's lip quivers.

"I thought," she says, gently, "if—if you have no other engagement this afternoon; if—if you are free—"

Nothing can be milder than the form which this suggestion takes, and yet there is something in its shape that provokes him.

"Free!" he interrupts, tartly, "of course I am free! Have I a gouty father and a hysteric sister? Why should I not be free?"

"I am very glad to hear it," rejoins she—the light that his first proposal to take her out had brought into her face growing brighter and more established—"because in that case there is nothing to prevent your meeting us at the villa, and—"

"And seeing you and Mrs. Byng walking about with your arms round each other's necks, like a couple of school-girls," cries he, with a sort of spurious grumpiness.

"I can't think why you should object to Amelia walking about with her arm round Mrs. Byng's neck," says Cecilia, whose attention to her "etiquette" is apparently not so absorbing but that she has some to spare for the conversation going on in her neighborhood.

They all laugh a little, and harmony being restored, and Jim graciously vouchsafing to forgive Amelia for having ignored her for a sennight, she returns to her patient and he to his hotel, where he is at once, contrary to his wish, pounced upon by Byng.

"I have been searching for you, high and low."

"Have you?"

"Where have you been?"

"I have been to the Anglo-Américain"—with a flash of inward self-congratulation at this query having been put to-day instead of yesterday, or the day before. The other looks disappointed.

"To the Anglo-Américain? I thought—I hoped; have you—seen them lately?"

Burgoyne has ceased to feign lack of understanding to whom the personal pronoun refers, and he answers with as much carelessness as at a moment's notice he

can put on—"Why, yes, I have, once or twice."

"Do they—do not they think it strange of me not to have been near them all this time?"

"They may do," dryly.

"They did not say so?"

"They did not; perhaps"—sarcastically—"the subject was too acutely painful for them to allude to."

Frequently as he exposed himself to them, his Mentor's sneers never fail to send the crimson racing into Byng's face, and it finds its way there now. It does not, however, prevent his proceeding with his anxious catechism.

"She—she has not referred to the subject?"

"What subject?"

"To—to me."

"She has never mentioned your name. Stay"—his veracity winning a reluctant victory over his ill-nature—"one day she said that you were sunshiny, and that she liked sunshine."

As he speaks he looks down at his boots, too unaffectedly annoyed at the justification of Elizabeth's epithet, which its retailing has worked on Byng's countenance, to be able to contemplate him with any decent show of patience. But there is enough evidence in the boy's voice of the effect wrought upon him by Miss Le Marchant's adjective to make his comrade repent very heartily of having repeated it.

"I should have been over," says Byng in a low, eager way, "every day, every hour, as often as they would have received me, only that I could not leave my mother; and she—she has taken them *en grippe*!"

"*En grippe*? Your mother?" repeats Jim, too honestly and disagreeably startled by this piece of news to be able any longer to maintain his ironical manner; "why?"

The other shrugs his shoulders dispiritedly.



"I have not an idea; it cannot be because they did not seem to wish to be introduced to her at the Academia the other day; she is quite incapable of such pettishness, and she admired HER so tremendously at first, did not she? You heard her; but since then she has taken it into her head that there is something—I cannot bear even to say it"—dashing his hat and gloves vehemently upon the table—"something *louche*, as she calls it, about her. Mother thinks that she—she—she"—sinking his voice to an indistinct half-whisper—"has—has gone off the rails some time or other. Can you conceive?"—raising his tone again to one of the acutest pain and indignation—"that any one—any human being could look in her face and harbor such a notion for a single instant?"

He stares with eyes ablaze with wrathful pity at his friend's face, expecting an answering outbreak to his own; but none such comes. Burgoyne only says, in a not much more assured key than that which the young man had employed:

"How—how can such an idea have got into your mother's head?"

"I do not know, but it is there; and what I wanted you, what I have been searching everywhere for you for, is to ask you to—to set her right, at once, without any delay."

Burgoyne is at first too much stupefied by this appeal, and by the impossibility of answering it in a satisfactory manner, to make any response at all; but at length:

"Know all about them?" he says. "Who dares ever say that he knows all about any other living soul? How many times must I tell you that, until we met at Genoa, I had not set eyes on Miss Le Marchant for ten good years?"

At the tone of this speech Byng's face takes on a crestfallen look.

"But when you knew them," he says, "in Devonshire, they—they were all

right then? they were well thought of? there—there was nothing against them?"

"Good Heavens—no!" replies Jim, heartily, thankful that the appeal is now so worded as to enable him to give a warm testimony in favor of his poor friends. "There was not a family in all the neighborhood who stood so high. Everybody loved them; everybody had a good word for them."

Byng's countenance clears a little.

"And there is no reason—you have no reason for supposing anything different now?"

Jim stirs uneasily in his chair. Can he truthfully give the same convinced affirmative to this question as to the last? It is a second or two before he answers it at all.

"The facts of life are enough for me; I do not trouble myself with its suppositions."

He gets up and walks toward the door as he speaks, resolved to bring to an end this intolerable catechism.

"But you must have an opinion—you must think," cries the other's voice, persistently pursuing him. He turns at bay, with the door-handle in his hand, his eyes lightening.

"I asked her permission to bring Amelia to see her," he says, in a low, moved voice; "if I had thought as ill of her as your mother does, do you think I should have done that?"

The day has changed its ravishing blue gayety for a pensive cloudy gloom, and the guests at the villa are walking about without any sunshades. They are numerous, though few indeed in comparison of the Banksia roses on the laden wall, over which, too, a great wistaria—put in, as the host, with a just pride, relates, only last year—is hanging and flinging its lilac abundance. And seen above its clusters, and above the wall, what a view from this raised terrace! Jim is really

in a hurry to find Amelia, and yet he cannot choose but stop to look at it—from Galileo's tower on the right, to where, far down the plain of the Arno, Carrara loses itself in mist. It is all dark at first, sullen, purple-gray, without variation or stir—city, Duomo, Arno, Fiesole, and all her chain of sister-hills—one universal frown over every slope and jag, over street and spire, over Campanile with its marbles, and Santa Croce with its dead. But now, as it draws on toward sun-setting, in the western sky there comes a beginning of light, a faint pale tint at first, but quickly broadening across the firmament, while the whole huge cloud canopy is drawn aside like a curtain, and, as a great bright eye from under bent brows, the lowering sun sends arrows of radiance over plain and river and city. All of a sudden there is a vertical rain of dazzling white rays on the plain, and the olive shadows, merged all the afternoon in the universal gray, fall long and soft upon the blinding green of the young corn. He has forgotten Amelia. Oh! that that other, that creature herself made out of sun-rays and sweet rain-drops, were beside him, her pulses beating, as they so surely would, to his tune, her whole tender being quivering with delicate joy at this heavenly spectacle.

Some one touches him on the shoulder, and he starts violently. Has the intensity of his invocation called her spirit out of her light body, and is she indeed beside him?

"What a bad conscience you have. Did you think that I was a bailiff?" cries Mrs. Byng, laughing.

"Where is Amelia?" he asks, rather curtly, the memory of Byng's communication about his mother being too fresh in his mind to make it possible for him to answer her in her own rallying key.

"What have you done with Amelia?"

"What a 'stand-and-deliver' tone," says she, laughing still, but looking not

unnaturally surprised. "Well, where is she?" glancing round. "She was here five minutes ago with Willy. Poor Amelia!" lowering her voice to a more confidential key. "I am so glad you have come at last; she is patience personified. I must congratulate you upon the excellent training into which you have got her, but I think that she was beginning to look a little anxious."

"And I think that you have been giving the reins to your imagination, as usual," replies he, walking off in a huff.

He finds Byng, but it is not with Amelia, but with one of the pretty young daughters of the house that he is pacing the straight walk in lively dialogue. Jim accosts him formally:

"I understood that Miss Wilson was with you? Do you happen to know where she is?"

"Why, where is she?" he says, looking round, as his mother had done, but with a more guilty air. "She was here five minutes ago. Where can she have disappeared to?"

It is but too obvious that in greeting and being greeted by their numerous acquaintances, both poor Amelia's chaperon and that chaperon's son have completely forgotten her existence. Thorough and earnest as is his search it is for some time quite unsuccessful. She makes one of no group, she is to be found neither in hidden nook nor evident path. She must then, in her loneliness, have taken refuge in the house. He finds himself in a long noble room, with a frescoed ceiling, a room full of signs of recent habitation and recent tea, but which has apparently been deserted for the sunset splendors on the terrace. He can see no single occupant. He walks slowly down it to assure himself of the fact of its entire emptiness.

By a singular freak of the builders, the windows are set so high in the wall that each has had to have a little raised dais erected before it to enable the in-

mates to look comfortably out. Upon each small platform stands a chair or two, and low over them the curtains sweep. As he passes one recess, he notices that the drapery is stirring a little, and examining more closely, sees the tail of a well-known gown peeping from beneath the stiff rich folds of the old Italian brocade. It is the work of a second to sweep the latter aside, and discover his poor *fiancée* all alone, and crouching desolately in a low arm-chair. There is something so unlike her in the attitude, something so different from her usual uncomplaining, unpretending fortitude that he feels angry. In a second he has stepped up on to the little platform beside her.

"Amelia!" he cries. "Amelia! What are you doing up here? With whom are you playing hide and seek?"

Her words and her smiles are apt to be prompt enough, but now she neither speaks nor moves a muscle of her face.

"Are you ill?"

"No; I am not ill."

The sting of irritation which, mixed with genuine alarm, had besieged Jim's mind on his first realizing her crouched and unnatural attitude now entirely supercedes any other feeling.

"Is it possible," he inquires, in a tone of cold displeasure, "that I am to attribute this—this state of things—to my being accidentally late? It was a mere accident; it is not like you to make a scene. I do not recognize you; I am very sorry that I was late, and that I have made you angry."

"Angry!" she repeats: "angry with you for being late? Oh! you are quite mistaken! In all these years how often have I been angry with you?"

There is such a meek upbraiding in her tone that his ill-humor gives way to a vague apprehension.

"Then what is it?" he cries, brusquely; "what is it all about? I think I have a right to ask you that; since I saw you last something must have happened to

you to produce this extraordinary change."

She heaves a long dragging sigh.

"Something has happened to me; yes, something has happened!"

"But what—what kind of a something? I have a right to know—I insist upon knowing; tell me!"

He has grasped both her hands, whose unnatural coldness he feels even through her rather ill-fitting gloves. So strange and mean a thing is human nature that even at this moment it flashes across him, with a sense of annoyance what bad gloves Amelia always wears. However, he is not troubled with them long, for she takes them and her cold hands quietly back.

"I will tell you, there is no question of insisting. I should have told you, anyhow; but not *here*"—glancing nervously around the dropped curtains—"not now!"

"Why not here? Why not now?"

Her face quivers.

"I could not," she says, piteously. "I do not quite know how I shall get through telling it; it must be somewhere—somewhere where it will not matter if I do break down!"

He stares at her in unfeigned bewilderment, again slightly streaked with wrath.

"Have you gone mad, Amelia? or are you taking a leaf out of Sybilla's book? If you do not clear up this extraordinary mystification at once, I shall be compelled to believe either the one or the other."

"Oh! if it were only a mystification!" she says, with a low cry. "I cannot tell you here; it is physically impossible to me. But do not be afraid, you shall not have long to wait; I will tell you, without fail, to-morrow; to-morrow morning, if you like. Come as early as you please, I shall be ready to tell you; and now would you mind leaving me? I want to have a few moments to myself before I

see anybody—before I see Mrs. Byng; will you please leave me?"

It is so apparent that she is in deadly earnest to have her request complied with that he can do nothing but step dizzily down off the little dais, feeling as if the world were turning round with him.

A quarter of an hour later he sees her leaving the party with Mrs. Byng, looking as simple, as collected, and not very perceptibly paler than usual.

Burgoyne is far from solving the problem, when—for once in his life before his time at the rendezvous—he presents himself at the familiar door. It is opened to him by Amelia herself. She has often done it before, but to-day the familiar action disconcerts him. He had expected to be received with a formality of woe such as yesterday had seemed to threaten; and here is Amelia looking exactly like her ordinary self, except that she is perhaps rather more carefully dressed than usual.

A revulsion of feeling comes over the man to whom her tragic airs had given a wakeful night. It was a tantrum after all, then, a storm in a teacup. And now her common sense has come to the rescue, and she has seen the folly of quarreling with her bread and butter. These reflections naturally do not translate themselves into responsive smiles on his face, but she does not seem to notice his looks.

"I have a proposal to make to you," she says, smiling. "Father is so well this morning, he has been wheeled into the sitting-room to see Sybilla. She has been very good about him this time, and quite believes that he has been really bad."

"How good of her," comments Jim, grimly; "it would be so easy and so amusing to play at having a swollen toe."

"And so," continues Miss Wilson, "I am perfectly free, and I want you to take me somewhere, some little drive or expedition; you see," with a conciliatory

glance at her own modest finery, "I counted upon your saying 'yes'; I dressed so as not to keep you waiting."

Every word of this sentence confirms Burgoyne in the idea implanted by her first address. This is her *amende*, and she is quite right to make it. But she would have been more right still if her conduct had not rendered it necessary.

"By all means. I am quite at your service."

"And now where shall we go?" continues Amelia, shutting the door behind her and beginning to cross the hotel courtyard at his side; "that is the next thing—not to any gallery or church; I think, if you do not mind, let us go somewhere into the country—I can understand the country. I am not afraid of saying stupid things about it. It would be asin to be under any roof to-day but this one," she says, looking up at the immeasurable azure bridge above her head; "would you mind—could you spare time to go to Fiesole?"

His only answer is to repeat the word Fiesole to the driver, who, with the inevitable tiny poodle-shaven dog beside him, is awaiting the order as to his destination. It is but a little way to Fiesole, but yet, as the slow, hired vehicle crawls up the steep ascent, with the driver walking alongside, or even lagging behind, there would be time and opportunity to say a good deal. But Amelia says next to nothing. Perhaps the heat makes her sleepy, for it is so hot, so hot between the garden walls, where the rose hedges are beginning to show a pale flush of plentiful pink among their multitude of green buds.

They have reached the village, and left their carriage, and begun, silently still, to ascend the steep lane to see the famous view that rewards the little effort.

Our friends have reached the haven of the stone seat, and, thanks to the earliness of the hour, have it all to themselves, save for a trio of sunburnt women of the



people, with handkerchiefs tied over their tanned heads, who tease them to buy straw hand-screens. And when they have bought a couple, and made it evident that no amount of worrying will induce them to buy any more, even these leave them in peace and descend the hill again in search of newer victims. They are alone under the sky's warm azure. Beneath their eyes spreads one of those nobly lovely spectacles that Italy and spring, hand in hand, alone can offer. Who can wish for a sight more divinely suave and fair than this from the bench above Fiesole? Not a breath of smoke dares to hang about the glorious old town, dimming its lustre, and between them and it what a spread of manifold color, of more "mingled hue" than the rainbow's "purpled scarf doth show." The mossy tinted olives, twilight and ghostly, even in the dazzling radiance of this superb morning hour, with the blinding green of the young corn about their gray feet, the cypress taper-flames, the gay white houses, terrace gardened, and above all, the vast smile of the Tuscan heaven.

At first Amelia's muteness seems natural and grateful to Jim, as the outcome of the awe and hush that exceeding beauty breathes on the human heart, but by and by, as it is prolonged beyond limits that seem to him fit, it begins to get on his nerves.

"I thought that you had something to say to me?"

"So I have."

"And how much longer am I to wait for it?"

There is no indication of any capacity for patience in his tone.

She brings her look back from the shining morning city, and fixes it wistfully upon him.

"Are you in such a hurry to hear?"

The pathetic streak in her voice, instead of conciliating, chafes him.

"I do not know what you call hurry,"

he replies, dryly. "I have been awaiting this mystic utterance for sixteen or seventeen hours."

Her sallow cheek takes a pinky tinge of mortification at his accent.

"You are quite right," she answers, quickly; "I have no business to keep you waiting. I meant to tell you as soon as we got here; I asked you to bring me here on purpose, only—"

"You told me that you must make the communication at some place where it would not matter if you did break down," says he, rather harshly, helping her memory. "You must allow that that was not an encouraging exordium. Do you look upon this"—glancing ironically round—"as a particularly suitable place for breaking down?"

"I shall not break down," she replies, forcing herself to speak with quiet composure; "you need not be afraid that I shall. I know that yesterday I was foolish enough to say the very words you quote, but I was not quite myself then; I did not quite know what I was saying; I had only just heard it."

"It? What it? Is this a new riddle? For Heaven's sake let us hear the answer to the first before we embark on any fresh one!"

"It is no riddle," replies she, "nothing could be plainer; it was only that I happened to overhear something rather—rather painful—something that was not intended for me."

His angry cheek blanches as his thought flies to the one subject of his apprehension. Some one has been poisoning her ear with cowardly libels, or yet more dreadful truths about Elizabeth Le Marchant.

"If you had lived longer in Florence you would know how much importance to attach to its tittle-tattle."

She shakes her head with a sorrowful obstinacy.

"This was no tittle-tattle."

Her answer seems but to confirm him in this first horrible suspicion.

"It is astonishing," he says, in a strangled voice, "how ready even the best women are to believe evil; what—what evidence have you of the truth of—of these precious stories?"

"What evidence?" she repeats, fastening her sad eyes upon him—"the evidence of my own heart. I realize now that I have known it all along."

"Have known what all along?"

She has turned round, and, as he in the eagerness of his listening has done the same thing, they are now opposite to one another, and he feels as well as sees her hungry eyes devouring his face.

"That you are sick of me," she answers, in a heart-wrung whisper, "sick to death of me—that was what she said."

It is impossible to deny that Burgoyne's first impulse is one of relief. Elizabeth's secret is in the same state of precarious safety as her enemy's departure from Florence had left it in. His second impulse is one of genuine indignation, concern, and amazement.

"What? *Who* said?"

"Mrs. Byng."

His stupefaction deepens.

"Mrs. Byng—Mrs. Byng told you that I was sick of you? Sick to death of you?"

"Oh! no," she cries, even her emotion giving way to her eagerness to correct this misapprehension. "She did not tell me so! How could you imagine such a thing? She is far, far too kind-hearted, she would not hurt a fly intentionally, and would be exceedingly pained if she thought I had overheard her."

He shrugs his shoulders, despairingly.

"*Je m'y perds!* She told you, and she did not tell you; you heard, and you did not hear."

"I am telling it very stupidly, I know," she says, apologetically, "very confusedly; and of course I can't expect you to understand by instinct how it was."

She sighs profoundly, and then goes on quickly, and no longer looking at him. "You know she took me to the party, but when we reached the villa I found that she knew so many people and I so few that I should only be a burden to her if I kept continually by her side, and as I was rather tired—you know that I had not been in bed for two or three nights—I thought I would go into the house and rest so as to be quite fresh by the time you came. I fancied it was not unlikely you might be a little late."

How many times has her poor vanity suffered the bruise of being long first at the rendezvous?

"I discovered that chair by the window under the curtain, the one where you found me."

"Well?"

"It was so quiet there as everybody was in the garden, that I suppose I fell asleep, at least I remember nothing more until suddenly I heard Mrs. Byng's voice saying—"

"Saying what?"

"Her son was with her—he had brought her in to have some tea; it was to him that she was speaking, she was asking him about me, where I was? where he had left me? whether he had seen me lately? And then she said: 'Poor Amelia, Jim really does neglect her shamefully, and yet one cannot help being sorry for him, too; it was such child-stealing in the first instance, and he is evidently dead sick of her! It is so astonishing that she does not see it!'"

There is something almost terrible in the calm distinctness with which Amelia repeats the sentences that had laid the card-house of her happiness in the dust. After a moment's pause, she continues:

"And then he, Mr. Byng, answered: 'Poor soul, it—it is odd! She must have the hide of a hippopotamus.'"

Amelia has finished her narrative, repeating the young man's galling comment, with the same composure as his

mother's humiliatingly compassionate ones; and for a space her sole auditor is absolutely incapable of making any criticism upon it. He is forbidden, if he had wished it, to offer her even the mute amends of a dumb endearment, by the reappearance on the scene of a couple of the sun-scorched peasant torments with their straw hand-screens. It is not likely

that those so lately bought should have worn out already; but yet they renew their importunities with such a determined obstinacy, as if they knew this to be the case; and it is not until they are lightened of two more, that they consent once again to retire, leaving the warm bright plateau to the lovers—if indeed they can be called such.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## THIS OR THAT?

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I FEEL for your sorrow, dearie,  
 My old heart is bowed with care,  
 But don't say it is the hardest  
 That the human soul can bear,  
 Lest there come a greater, dearie,  
 To turn white your golden hair,  
 E'en a trouble you can't speak of,  
 That's the hardest kind to bear.

You can dress yourself in mourning,  
 You can tell your grief and care,  
 And your friends all gather round you,  
 And to comfort you they dare,  
 But I've lived a long life, dearie,  
 And found trouble everywhere,  
 And the sorrows borne in silence,  
 Are the hardest ones to bear.

The fond wives whose hearts are breaking  
 With their weight of dark despair,  
 Who can see the shame that's coming,  
 Yet a cheerful smile must wear.  
 And the mothers, too, my dearie,  
 Wayward boys their heart-strings tear,  
 We can't talk about these sorrows,  
 But they're hard enough to bear.

Then with patience bear yours, dearie,  
 And make this your daily prayer,  
 That you may be saved a heartache,  
 Of which none can take a share;  
 And I'll pray our God, my dearie,  
 In His mercy, He will spare  
 Your dear heart from secret sorrow,  
 It's the hardest kind to bear.

## A MODERN CINDERELLA.

SHE was small and thin and pale. But a sweet soul looked out of the steadfast brown eyes under the broad, smooth brow, and a brave heart beat under the shabby gown.

You, dear women, must know that it requires a brave heart to walk the length of a great hotel dining-room for the first time under the fire of four-score or more of critical eyes which have plenty of time to gaze and criticise while their owners wait for their soup, and especially is this a trying ordeal when one knows that her gown is shabby and never was in style in its palmy days.

But this young gentlewoman—you knew she was this at a glance—never by the quiver of an eyelid betrayed that this was not a daily meeting with her equals in social position.

A faint flush glowed through the pallor of her cheeks as she moved slowly on with graceful step and level glance to one of the vacant tables at the end of the room; that was all.

But if few noticed her neat but threadbare and faded gown, it was because her companion absorbed their wondering attention.

For on her arm hung a little weazened, bent old woman, clad in velvet and laces that would have adorned a duchess, and blazing with diamonds till your eyes ached with their glitter.

And this was how Vera Forrester and Madame Vernet made their *début* at Sandy Point, a summer resort of most eminent exclusiveness and fashion. It was its proudest boast that it was patronized only by the very *élite*.

As the prices at its one wonderful hotel were such that a shallow purse stood no chance, this boasting was justifiable, so far as money went.

Therefore it was that if Miss Forrester's costume went unremarked on her first appearance, it did not continue to be so.

It was evident that she was in mourning, but not of recent date, for her black gown—which was always the same, except that it was sometimes thinner, sometimes thicker, as the weather required—was gray and showed other signs of wear, and she soon discarded the hot bands of crape at wrist and throat for some soft, creamy lace that certainly went far to improve her appearance.

But mercy! the idea of such array among all those dainty silks and laces and muslins!

It had not taken long to discover that Madame Vernet was worth a million, several of them, it was rumored, and that Miss Forrester was her "grand-niece."

So Vera escaped the snubbing that might have been her portion, and even found friends among the fashionable throng who were sorry for her unpleasant position, and who liked her sweet, bright ways, and really wanted her to have a good time. Besides, who could tell what might happen.

Now, Madame Vernet was one of the most eccentric, disagreeable, amusing old women that was ever evolved from real life, and if she did not make friends was at least never at a loss to find company.

Having for years held a place at the French court, she had retained all the elegant arts of fine breeding, and also had at her tongue's tip an inexhaustible store of reminiscences and a keen sense of humor that drew around her chair an amused circle of listeners each day as she sat upon one particular corner of the piazza in a sort of royal state.

But woe betide the one unfortunate enough to provoke the glitter of her wit,



for it could cut like a two-edged sword, and the malicious glee that could sparkle in her little black eyes as she impaled her victim on some barbed shaft was a sight for Mephistopheles.

And although she did not hesitate to metaphorically flay poor Vera whenever she felt inclined, she did not at all intend that any one else should fail in giving her due consideration.

Perhaps Miss Forrester would not have been called a beauty, particularly at this time, when, to be honest, she had not got rid of a starved look that detracted from the youthful prettiness of contour that one felt ought to have been hers, but she was, nevertheless, a girl to look twice at.

With dark brown eyes, she had beautiful red hair, and the clear white skin that goes with this combination in nature.

And that red hair was her crown of glory, commented on incessantly. It had not a tinge of the "carrot" nor was it the lifeless, aggressive red that means a hot temper and a sharp tongue. But hers was a rippling mass of silken threads that shone like burnished copper in the sun or took on bright chestnut shadows in the shade.

Mrs. De Koven was a gay widow, desirous of changing her state, and with an eye on young Lionel Murray as the preferred means to that end. For him she posed, painted, and used Golden Hair Bleach since sometime he had expressed admiration for that color.

When, for a few moments, he strolled beside Vera Forrester, as she came up from the beach, Mrs. De Koven was enraged.

"Good heavens!" she said to her companion on the piazza, "how red that girl's hair is! Why doesn't she color it? I would if it were my case—I positively would!"

Madame Vernet's sharp ears caught the jealous thrust.

She hitched her chair around, put up her gold eye-glass and looked Mrs. De Koven deliberately over.

"Yes, Vera's hair *is* red," she said, in her little, sharp voice, that penetrated like a fife, "it really is! a good deal redder than yours. And she is freckled, too!—three freckles on her face! I counted 'em! Do tell her, dear Mrs. De Koven, what you put on your face to cover up blemishes so well. Ah! these young folks are so careless! we have to begin to grow old before we know how to make the most of ourselves, don't we, Mrs. De Koven?"

With a face much redder than her hair Mrs. De Koven found herself suddenly remembering that she had letters to post, Madame Vernet's malicious cackle following her as she went.

With eyes that took in all about her at a glance, Madame Vernet kept herself well posted in regard to facts, and as no bit of gossip failed to find its way to her appreciative ears, she was not likely to lose much of the daily round of life that circled about her, although she went out but little.

Once each day, if it was pleasant, she drove out in gorgeous array with quiet Vera at her side, and nearly every evening she walked a short distance on the beach, leaning on Vera's arm.

The rest of the time, when not in her room, she sat in her own cushioned chair and "observed life," as she affirmed.

After they had been there two or three weeks, one evening Kitty Carleton, who had taken a fancy to Vera, and was not afraid of the fiery dragon himself, as she expressed it, said to Madame Vernet:

"Your niece would be really a very pretty girl, Madame Vernet, if she only dressed differently. Do prevail upon her to get some pretty dresses and look like the rest of us girls, can't you?"

"Hut-tut! *grand* niece, Miss Kitty, *grand* niece, that's all. Nothing to me how she dresses. Can put her whole month's salary into a pretty dress if she wants to, when she has earned it—when she has earned it, understand! I pay her, pay her well. At least I shall when

her month is up. Just took her out of charity—no friends left—mother my niece—but that makes no difference. I shall pay her on the twenty-second. You'd better talk to her about dresses, Miss Kitty. How much did yours cost, that you have on, Miss Kitty Carleton?"

"Oh! This? I don't know," she said, lifting its lace folds, "fifty dollars, I guess."

"Ha! ha! cheap—cheap! Vera can get one when she earns her forty dollars. Forty dollars a month I give the baggage, and she don't earn half of it!"

"But Vera is a good girl—a very good girl. She knows she can't impose on me. It is do her duty or quit; and she will get only what she earns; she knows it!"

"No one is going to get *my* money to throw away. No, indeed! every dollar of it goes to found a college for the investigation of ancient astrology. I am greatly interested in astrology; the Bible teaches it, and I believe in it."

"An astrologer cast my horoscope once. Said I would become rich and leave an immortal name behind me when I died. I married Vernet within a year, and the Vernet College—the *Marie Vernet College*—will do the rest."

"My diamonds will be buried with me—my dear diamonds! yes, they will! In a marble sarcophagus, in an iron vault, barred and sealed, in my college."

"Oh! I'll fix it. But there isn't a stiver for Vera—do you hear? not a stiver!"

And she said it so loud and thumped her cane upon the piazza floor so vigorously that there wasn't one in all the company who had congregated there to enjoy the evening breeze who didn't hear her and feel sorry for poor Vera.

"Ha-ha! I'll fix 'em—yes, I will. I'll fix 'em!" muttered the old vixen, as she sunk back in her chair with her customary cackle. "But Vera is a very good child—very good, indeed."

Now these lapses into a sort of mild vulgarity were not uncommon to this old

woman, although she could be, and usually was, as dignified and elegant in manner and language as in her well-remembered days at court. But this was one of the phases of her kaleidoscope character which she put on or off at pleasure.

That Vera often had a display of it was not doubted by any who were within hearing of the frequent sound of her cane pounded against the floor while she was within her own room.

But that faithful servitor was never known to show impatience. With eyes, ears, and nearly all her time she waited on her querulous relative, foot and hand, reading to her, writing for her, running for her till all wondered at her tireless care.

"Bring me that footstool, Vera. Lift my feet—there. No, that is wrong. Fix it, stupid. Oh! for my Hortense. But that is what one gets for hunting up relatives out of charity."

"No, go away! don't bother to make me comfortable. You'll only get your forty dollars a month, do you hear? and you don't have to call me 'dear aunt,' or love me for that. That's for your work, and you've got to earn it."

"The rest of it is all disposed of to my college! tied up—will made—sealed, signed, and in bank."

"You know very well, Vera, you'll never see a cent of it. Do you hear?"

This is a specimen of the tirade that poor Vera had to listen to almost daily.

But she only laughed and said, "Very well, aunt. I only want the forty dollars. That is wealth for me," or made some other careless reply, after which the old lady would look at her and shrug her shoulders, and mutter and cackle to herself softly.

Several weeks passed by and Vera had added some pretty garments to her wardrobe in the dainty fabrics and colors that girls admire, and her thin face and form had grown rounded, and it began at last

to be whispered that Miss Forrester was really a beautiful girl; "so striking, you know," as Fred Kohl said, sucking the head of his cane and gazing after her admiringly.

But when this same admirer sidled up to her as she sat with her aunt on the piazza that evening, and began: "Aw—Miss Forrester, you look lovely. Aw—I—could I have the pleasure—" Madame Vernet pushed a chair toward him with elaborate care, and said, looking at him solicitously, "Sit down young man, sit down. You look weak, *very* weak. Yes, you do."

And the poor fellow forgot what he was going to say, and went off in a dazed condition of mind impossible to describe.

In fact, she managed to keep all the young men at a very respectful distance from her niece, though why she did so no one could say.

"Puppets, the whole of 'em," she would exclaim, wrathfully. "Those young men have no more brains than an egg-shell on two sticks. Oh! I observe life. It's a regular Punch and Judy show."

Young Lionel Murray excited her especial aversion, as he insisted upon being attentive to Vera in spite of her dragon aunt.

When the old lady snubbed him he smiled lazily, and when she winged one of her barbed arrows at him he sometimes returned the compliment, and won the battle.

"What's the use of running after Vera?" she said one day when he came for her to go driving behind his elegant grays. "You don't want to marry a beggar. And Vera never will touch *my* money, do you hear? but she's my niece, and no fine idiots are going to play fast and loose with her heart to help kill time!

"You go off and get Mrs. De Koven, she wants you, and she may teach you some sense! goodness knows, she's old enough."

"My dear madame," laughed Murray, "I have too much sense already to follow

your advice, and money enough to marry whom I please. Come now, say that Miss Forrester may enjoy herself for an hour like the rest of us, even if she *is* a beggar!"

"A beggar, is it? Young man, my niece would do honor to a prince! If she will condescend to go with you, you should feel grateful."

"Madame, I shall be!" he laughed, bowing low, and Vera had her drive.

At last, near the close of the season, Madame Vernet was taken seriously ill.

She had her doctor down from New York, and a trained nurse, and made as much stir as if one of the blood royal; but withal it was only Vera that she wanted constantly, or who could do anything to her mind.

And that faithful friend was all that a daughter could have been. Night and day, with but brief snatches of rest or sleep, she performed, lovingly, each needful duty, until again she grew thin and pallid and worn.

"Vera, I must say you are a fool!" cried Kitty Carleton, one day, as Vera came down for a few moments in the cooling twilight of a sultry afternoon. "That old woman is killing you with her selfishness, and you let her. Why don't you let her nurse take care of her more, and you take more care of yourself? You'll get no more than that 'forty dollars a month—do you hear?' screwing up her pretty mouth and mimicking Madame Vernet's tone, 'if you have to buy a cemetery lot for yourself on her account!'"

"Oh! hush, Kitty dear!" Vera answered. "Poor aunt is really very sick, and so friendless! who could help being sorry and trying to be kind to her? And then, you know, she is the only one of my own blood that I know on earth. I should do all that I do if she paid me nothing."

Kitty went up and began to move her hands over Vera's back.

"Something sharp, but I don't know whether it's *um* or not!"

"What, Kitty? What is it?"

"Why, your wings, angel! Must be, they're sprouting somewhere!"

But Kitty's blue eyes were misty as she bent over and kissed Vera's thin cheek.

Finally Madame Vernet could resume her cushioned chair out in the shady corner of the piazza, a pale, shrunken, trembling little wreck—for sickness at eighty doesn't loosen its clutch easily—and was more cross, and pounded her cane more at Vera than ever.

But she wore her powder and patches, and her velvets, and her "dear diamonds" as gayly as ever, and told her biting little stories, and snubbed Vera's gentlemen acquaintances with all her olden enjoyment.

Vera, tired and spiritless, took it all meekly, and never would have got the change and rest that she so sorely needed had it not been for the spirited efforts of Mr. Murray, who finally, by sheer audacity, won the admiration of the eccentric old woman, and in a series of attacks of a martial character, consisting of wordy sharp-shooting, carried Vera off for rides, and sails, and excursions, till the color crept back to her face a little, and she began to seem like herself.

Then Madame Vernet wanted to go home.

She was not strong, nor was it advisable either for herself or niece. But go she would, and that was the end of the happiest summer Vera had ever known.

"I shall see you at home, I hope," Lionel Murray said to Madame Vernet at parting; "you will allow me to call on you, will you not, madame?"

"Oh! yes! come if you like! but don't bring the glass slipper, prince—do you hear?—no glass slippers, they are out of style. Besides, my foot is smaller than Cinderella's—she can't wear my court

slippers, much less glass ones! Farewell, prince!"

And kissing her withered fingers, Madame Vernet called Vera and hobbled off, chuckling at her own conceits.

Even after she was comfortably settled on the train she continued to laugh and talk softly to herself.

But as Vera was evidently not addressed, she paid little heed, hearing only indistinctly: "*Marie* Vernet College, astrology, and dear diamonds," and something about "observing life."

Arrived at the city where they were to change cars for New York, Vera and the conductor helped the feeble old lady to the ground, and she had got slowly over about half the distance between the train and the platform, when she suddenly stopped and grasped Vera's arm with a sharp shake.

"Where's my brown hand-bag, stupid? It's gone! do you hear? it's left! my diamonds! Go! run! go, I say!"

And fairly shrieking she stood thumping her cane on the ground in a perfect rage.

Half bewildered, Vera turned and ran back to the train. But turning as she clambered up the steps of the car they had just left, and looking back, almost fell.

"God help me!" she gasped, and springing to the ground flew over the rails of the intersecting tracks that lay between her and the figure of the bent old woman, upon whom death was about to spring.

There it came, swift and sure, a train backing down the track, and almost within its reach, unheeded in the confusion of the hurrying crowd, stood the unconscious victim between the steel rails, still pounding her cane upon the track in silent fury.

No one notices at first, then there is a wild shout—too late!

It is upon her! No! a swift form springs forward, grasps her, stumbles—



they are both down—and the grinding wheels roll on!

The crowd holds its breath! ah! there is yet a despairing effort!

A twisted, tumbled bundle is thrust forward into safety, a bruised and bleeding figure is torn by eager hands from the very wheels that still hold and rend the fragments of her garments, and then Vera, unconscious, with her shining locks dragging on the earth, is lifted and borne into the waiting-room, and women weep over her, and proffer every aid, and after a time the doctors say "she will live!"

When at length she opens her eyes and looks wonderingly into the faces bending above her, there is suddenly a stir near her, and a little, trembling, bent old woman, her rich garments torn and dusty, her face ghastly under its rouge and powder, totters up beside her.

"Doctors! don't you let her die! do you hear? don't you let her die! My worthless old life that she has saved means millions of dollars! do you hear? millions! and the man that saves her life may eat from dishes of yellow gold the rest of his life, if he wills, I will so reward him!"

"And now do your best, gentlemen! work miracles, if money will do it, so that you save her!"

"Vernet College be hanged!" she cried, fiercely, pounding her cane on the floor

with all her usual vigor, "and the sarcophagus with it! and the diamonds! (ah! my dear diamonds!) yes, the diamonds, too, do you hear?"

"No astrology told me this—or saved me from being ground to atoms under those dreadful wheels! Ugh! I hear them grating now, close to my ear, as they did when that child caught me, and called me 'dear aunt!'"

"She didn't do all that for the forty dollars a month, did she?"

And this weak, cross, cranky old woman knelt down and kissed the bruised face and slender little hands; and she never thought of her own age, or shock, or of herself at all, but until Vera was well again—for she was badly hurt—no mother was ever more patient and tender to a child than was this watchful guardian to her charge.

And there is no Marie Vernet College—there never will be.

But there is a Vera Vernet—a daughter by love and law—in Madame Vernet's stately stone mansion, a bright, beautiful creature who knows no desire ungratified—and a happy old woman, who still powders and paints and wears her dear diamonds, and pounds her cane on the floor when things do not please her—but never at Vera—and in the background is "the prince."

FAUSTINE.

THE habit of superficial thinking is one which we should avoid as much as possible. It is far oftener the result of mental indolence than of pressing business. It is better to think deeply on a few subjects than to skim over a thousand; and, if we once form the habit of doing so, we shall soon find it satisfactory and pleasurable.

THE more quietly and peaceably we  
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get on, the better for ourselves and our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the better course is, if a man cheats you, to quit dealing with him; if he is abusive, to quit his company; and, if he slanders you, to live so that nobody will believe it. Whoever he is or however he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet.

## CECIL.

### CHAPTER I.

SHE made one think of dewy, irresponsible flowers that grow by the wayside, and as she bent her head this way and that in frolic, she was like nothing so much as a bit of golden rod coquetting with the wind. Even when a quiet mood seized her, as now, there was a subdued touch of mischief in her eyes which seemed to defy serious thought.

Pushing back a tendril from her eyes, she leaned forward, the better to look into the face by her side.

"I wonder what it is, Margaret?" she asks, leaning back again. "Why you let me bother you when any indefinite number of admirers are longing to be round. It didn't use to be so. Why is it?"

The answer is slow in coming and bears in its train a soft flush.

"I fancy I am outgrowing the indefinite young men. And, besides, I have to attend to your principles. What would you be, you fly-away, if I didn't force you to listen to an occasional sermon?"

The bright young face turns in protesting unbelief.

"Nonsense! I can never have any bal- last, and you know it. I won't be deceived. There is something else—can't I—won't you—let me share it?"

The pines whisper behind them and the surf surges far below. Otherwise it is wonderfully still there on the shelving cliff—wonderfully fragrant and hushed. Upon one face the flush deepens and upon the other insistent eagerness rests.

"Yes, dear, there is something else," come the whispered words at last, "something that touches a woman's life only once—something so precious, sweetheart, that I can't talk about it."

A little pause of awed silence, a little

filling of bright eyes, and then a brown head is folded in two young arms with beautiful, swift tenderness.

"I am so glad for you," flutter the hushed words; "gladder than anything has ever made me before."

That is all of the confidence, and presently the two girls are treading on the pine needles, laughing, teasing, tossing back and forth light jokes in every-day fashion.

When they reach the clearing, on whose farther edge stands a hotel, Cecil breaks away and goes flying across the uneven ground. In among a welcoming group of children she throws herself—the merriest child of them all—and before one can think has led them laughing in a game of "London Bridge is breaking down."

The elderly people who sit on piazzas smile and think what a good thing it is to be young, and then thank their stars that they can keep still in the shade.

So the sunny wind swept, days go on, and Cecil indulges her teasing propensity toward her step-sister, only to the point of bringing white flowers in suggestive arrangements and leaving her occasionally in helpless *tête-à-tête* with some poetry-quoting blazer-arrayed youth.

That is just for spice between games of tennis, and Margaret smiles indulgently, willing to let the music in her heart be interrupted for a little, since its going on again is so sweet.

The big hotel with its rumbling gong and early bed-time and promiscuous children seems to her the happiest spot in all the world, for her sweet hazel eyes see things in the halo of a dream. The pines have tender voices that whisper to her, and colors of gold and rose rest upon the sea. Every breeze that blows brings

message from that busy city where works and waits the secret of it.

But it all depends upon the postman, and upon him Cecil looks with incurious eyes. Her letters are of the kind that may come this week or next or the week after. They bear no magic postmark; they bring no added color to the fair cheeks; they can be answered in the open sunshine of the piazzas; they all have feminine or paternal endings.

Such being the case, a limit to Hotel Bartlett's resources appears in the course of weeks, and Cecil views each batch of departing guests with wistful eyes. Tennis is palling; with the impatience of youth she longs for fresh excitement.

"I'm going somewhere soon, or die," she breaks out one rainy day when her restless body has been kept in-doors for four consecutive hours. "I positively am hungry for new faces."

Margaret looks up from the book, which she has not been reading, in sudden remorsefulness.

"It is dull for you, dear. I've been selfish not to think. Run down to the city and help the Frasers off. It will be a providence to them, and you'll get fun out of the packing, and, Cecil"—the eyes are on the book again, but a tell-tale color floods cheek and neck—"you may meet a Mr. Blake—Robert Blake there. You will like him, dear, won't you—for my sake?"

"Robert Blake," repeats Cecil, softly. "I'll try to. But"—going back to her own plans and feeling a drop of remorse now that escape is possible—"won't you be lonesome? why can't you come, too?"

"I don't want to just now. In a few weeks I'm coming for good, so trot away and enjoy yourself."

The dinner gong sounds in warning clamor and Cecil with an impetuous hug accepts the arrangement.

She is glad and sorry and excited all in a bunch; she won't go; she will; she doesn't know, but the first to-morrow's

stage carries her a sparkling, radiant child away to the city.

And Margaret is not lonesome because of the song in her heart.

"Was there ever any one so dear as Margaret?" thinks Cecil between chocolates from the young man on one side and compliments from the young man on the other, "ever anybody so beautiful?" and then a little wave of awe in memory of that scene on the cliff makes her say "yes" when she should have said "no," and necessitates a ripple of laughter. She comes back to conversation with that, and a load of belated hay tempts her to frolic. She is such a child in spite of her eighteen years that the thing she looks forward to most in the city is a romp with the babies in the nursery. Little wonder that the chocolate young man gazes at her in open admiration and the other young man longs to rescue her from some great and awful peril. Little wonder the dyspeptic on the back seat forgets his pills and ceases to speculate upon his liver—little wonder, for joyous, unawakened girlhood speaks from every curve and flutters from every gesture. The mysteries and pain are all in the future, and beyond the hills the vaporous whistle of the city-bound train rouses the cattle from their quiet grazing.

Margaret, hearing it from her nook among the pines, pictures to herself the scene at the station. There will be hand-shaking and light badinage, and jumbled wishes, and then—puff!—they are off. She has certain station reminiscences of her own, and grows beautifully tender over one little wayside German box. It was here that her romance began.

She whispers a name softly to the pines, and hopes the fisherman, mending his net on the beach, is a lover whose love runs smooth.

Sometime Cecil—dear Cecil—will find a knight at whose touch the mischievous eyes will droop, the fair face flush. Sometime she will know how dear it is just to

be alive and loving. All the years to come will seem full with meaning, all the years that are past will seem beautiful because of what has crowned them. But she must not be selfish in her happiness, there are others whose lives are not so complete. The old lady with the asthma—she must want to be entertained.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE is individual taste in weddings as in everything else. Some prefer them solemn, some joyous, some few look upon them as matters of business.

That at least was the way Cecil put it in the crisp freshness of a winter morning, and smiled by way of interrogation.

"Which shall it be, ma'am—which?"

Margaret looks up and answers only with her sweet, direct gaze. She is puzzled by something in the quality of her step-sister's smile. Twice she has felt it through all the brightness, twice since their home-coming, something uncertain, as if tears might lay not far away. But it is sweet, nevertheless, and to Margaret very tender. It seems to take possession of her mind as Cecil has taken possession of her body. That, perhaps, is the puzzling part, that Cecil should take possession. It is strange to see her in the rôle of care-taker, strange to lose the depending appeals which have hitherto been a characteristic of her. She is the one who plans now, she the one who executes. She it is who flits in and out from this room to that, touching here, directing there, thinking of all and everything.

But somehow it comes about quite easily that when Robert Blake calls she is never visible. After the first meeting, where she said, with a quaint little dignity:

"We met very often at the Fraser's—I forgot to tell you, Margaret."

She is always busy. Sometimes it is the dressmaker and sometimes Sarah's tooth-

ache, and occasionally the florist, but she is always busy.

Just once she comes upon the lovers in a moment of leave-taking. Robert stands, tall and manly, holding Margaret's hands and looking into the upturned eyes. It is a beautiful picture, and the sunshine sifts down upon them through the crimson glass as it does upon worshipers in a cathedral, but Cecil shivers as if some one had struck her, and turns back swiftly.

When Margaret comes up-stairs, the holy light still in her eyes, she finds Cecil crouched in her own room white and still.

"What is it, dear?" she asks, in startled anxiety, gathering the small figure to her. "What is the matter?"

"I'm—a—little—tired. Go away—please—I'll be all right in a moment."

Margaret goes with vague fears, but when at tea-time Cecil tosses fun with all her old-time abandon, seeming to have slipped back into her careless girlhood, the elder sister smiles at her fears and lets her happiness roll in upon her again.

The days before the wedding are few and full after that. They hasten; they speed; they rush. It is a week; it is three days; two; now it is only a night—only a night between the old and the new.

Cecil creeps to Margaret's room when the house is hushed, and puts her arms around her with a little sob. For a long moment they hold one another so, the brown head bending over the golden; then Cecil reaches up her quivering lips, and is gone.

The stars grow bright, then faint. The east flushes beneath its bank of wintry clouds. The sparrows flutter down from their snowy perches. The milkmen ring basement door-bells with chilly fingers, and sleepy servants know that it is morning.

So the wedding-day is ushered in, and the wedding goes tenderly through the



first crisp hours of the day. It is as happy a one as the sun will shine upon in all the city, and no guest is so sweet, so fragrant, so outwardly bright as Cecil. She flutters among the flowers, and to each heart brings a sense of lightness. Her soft hands give welcome to all, and the music of her voice, say some, is like wedding-bells.

But when the beautiful service is over and Margaret has driven away with an ineffable look of content; when the last guest has gone and mother and father are thinking of their younger days; when all the house is still in the first after hush, Cecil creeps away to her room. She

kneels beside the low bed and crushes her face in her hands:

"I didn't flinch—before them," she whispers, "but, oh! it was so hard, and—I'm tired."

The rattle of returning activity comes up from the coach-house, and out on the snowy street a dark-skinned woman hushes her baby on one arm while she turns a hand-organ with the other. A tin-man calls his wares with lusty throat, and two happy lovers wander by lost in blissful dreams.

But up-stairs a little figure kneels beneath the eyes of a pitiful Madonna and knows not that she prays.

H. G. DURYEE.

## PROPHECIES.

SOME time you will look back to these bright days  
With tearful eyes  
And think of all our quiet, happy ways  
With sobs and sighs.

You will remember how we read, or talked  
In this dear room;  
Or, summer evenings how we rode or walked  
Thro' fragrant gloom.

Sometimes alone, or in a busy throng  
Again will ring—  
Soft, clear and sweet—an echo of some song  
We used to sing;

And oft, awake or sleeping, you'll recall  
This cozy room—  
Books, music, e'en the pictures on the wall  
And the flowers in bloom.

You will remember every tender word  
You've said to me.  
The knowledge that you've spoken no harsh word  
Will comfort be.

Sometimes you'll weep and pray, but all in vain—  
As far you roam,  
For one short hour to rest from grief and pain  
In this sweet home.

Dear heart, I grieve that I must leave you here  
To walk alone;  
But some time we will find each other there  
Around the Throne.

UNIDENTIFIED.

## "MISSY LIL'YAN."

### A NURSE'S STORY.

IT had been one of our hardest days in the hospital. We had many critical cases on our hands, and an unusual number of new patients had been brought in who required immediate and careful attendance. The doctors worked untiringly, the nurses were in constant demand, and the call-bells in the various apartments tinkled incessantly. Unfortunately, two of my most valuable assistants were seriously ill, and consequently a double share of the actual labor and responsibility fell upon those remaining. I had been with a patient of Dr. W.'s during the entire afternoon, a child, who had been brought in for a slight operation upon the throat. The little fellow behaved like a hero, but his mother, who insisted on being present, became hysterical, and finally went from one fainting fit into another, so that my hands were full.

As the clock struck five, it was with no little sense of relief that I sought my cozy room for the customary hour of rest before my final evening round through the various wards. The little round-table was drawn up before the open fire, the urn steamed invitingly, the toast was browned exactly to my liking, and with a sigh I sank into my roomy easy-chair, and prepared to enjoy my supper. It was one of the rules of the institution that I was not to be disturbed at this hour except in extreme cases, so it was with some apprehension that ten minutes later I heard the precise double-tap of Susan, one of my assistants, upon my door, and directly after her white-capped head was thrust through the opening.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, ma'am, but Dinah wants to know if you'll come and take a look at Missy Lil'yan. She's

a-sinkin' that fast that she won't last the night out I'm thinkin'. It's 'Dinah here,' an' 'Dinah there,' till that poor black creetur must be clean worn out, and she's a-rockin' of her like a baby in her arms this blessed minute."

"Very well, Susan, tell Dinah I will come directly," hastily swallowing a cup of tea, donning my double flannel gown, thrusting my feet into a pair of comfortable felt slippers, and otherwise preparing for what I felt sure would prove a midnight vigil.

This same Missy Lil'yan was a mystery. Four weeks before a fine-looking colored woman of unusual height, and majestic in her proportions, from her dress and bearing evidently possessed of ample means, had sought an interview with me. She desired to engage a room for her young mistress, who she assured me was lying very ill at a neighboring hotel. Dinah, as she introduced herself, made but one stipulation, namely, that she might be allowed to be in constant attendance upon the patient, calling upon the other nurses only for such help as she might require.

Although her request was an unusual one, something in her face and general appearance impressed me favorably. I had fully made up my mind to receive her even before she drew a thick roll of bank-bills from her bosom and desired me to count out two weeks' board in advance. A pleasant sunny southwest room had been vacated that very morning, and I went up-stairs at once and put it to rights with my own hands, looping the curtains with fresh ribbons, arranging a dainty toilet-set and tidies, making all as cheery and home-like as I could for the poor young lady.

At three o'clock that afternoon a hack

drove up to the pavement, and before any one could offer to assist her, Dinah alighted and came slowly up the steps bearing in her arms a slight, fragile figure that seemed to be that of a mere child, but on the slender hand that drooped over her broad shoulder gleamed a heavy wedding-ring. I went on before and threw open the door into the southwest room. Dinah laid her charge gently on the bed, tenderly removing her wraps, soothing her meanwhile as one would a tired child.

"Dere, dere, po' lamb, lay your lil head right down. Ole Dinah 'll take care o' yo', lil missy, done yo' fear nuffin'."

The invalid's great blue eyes slowly opened, and roved dreamily round the apartment. Her hair had been cut close as an infant's and made a soft, golden halo around a face which in health must have been very beautiful. There was an indefinite something about the expression, however, a hint of weakness, vacillating lines about the mouth with its curved scarlet lips, that struck me unpleasantly at first, yet which I was more than ready to persuade myself might be the result of illness and exhaustion. I saw at a glance that the seal of death was already upon the face of the poor young thing, and leaving Dinah to settle herself and her belongings, I stole quietly out to report to Dr. W., that he might make the necessary examination of the new patient. He confirmed my impressions—there were serious complications which could but result fatally. Meanwhile the invalid was to be made comfortable, and under careful treatment might linger for a few weeks.

That evening I sent Susan to the sick-room and summoned Dinah to my private room, that I might inform her of the doctor's verdict as gently as possible. She came at once and stood waiting before me, her large shapely hands folded over her snowy apron, and her turbaned head bent respectfully.

"Dinah," said I, impressively, "your mistress is very ill."

"Yes, missus."

"Dr. W. thinks if she has any near relatives they should be informed at once."

"Yes, missus."

"Surely, she has some one belonging to her," I continued, glancing keenly at her downcast face. For one moment she hesitated, drawing her apron slowly through her dark fingers, then she stood erect and looked fearlessly into my eyes:

"Missus, dere is dose as is kin by blood to lil Missy Lil'yan, but atween her an' dem dere's a great gulf fixed, an' nobody can cross it an' go down wid her into de valley ob de shadder but jest po' ole brack Dinah."

Thirty years of hospital life have made me a tolerably correct judge of human nature. I was thoroughly convinced of the honesty and single-heartedness of the woman before me and determined to respect her secret.

"Then, Dinah, you propose to remain alone and care for her to the end?"

"Yes, missus," she responded again, watching me narrowly, I could see, with no little anxiety in her soft, full eyes.

"Very well, we will help you all we can. You may go back to your mistress."

"De good Lawd bress yo', missus," she answered, gratefully, and with a profound courtesy glided from the room. From that day to this she had faithfully cared for her helpless charge by night and by day. Missy Lil'yan, as we all learned to call her for the lack of any other name, failed gradually from week to week. Although the invalid never addressed a remark to any one of us, and, in fact, ignored our very presence, poor Dinah's task was by no means an easy one. Severe illness will upset the steadiest nerves, but to my mind, Missy Lil'yan, in the best of health, must have been exacting and capricious in the extreme. Dinah's patience never failed, however, and the sharpest

fault-finding and complaining failed to elicit any other response than "dere, dere, po' lamb, yo' clean tired out wid de trouble." From time to time letters came addressed to Dinah which we supposed contained money, as she evidently could neither read nor write, and never showed the contents to any one. Dinah seldom called for assistance, though we would gladly have shared her labors. Whenever she slept I am sure I cannot imagine, for the night nurse reported that she often paced the room softly until the small hours, carrying the poor, complaining creature in her arms like an infant, crooning some plantation melody under her breath. She descended to the kitchen and prepared the invalid's food with her own hands, having, by some magic, won over Norah, our cook, who was wont jealously to resent any intrusion on her domain, and whose antipathy to the colored race in general was no secret. As I hastened down the corridor I could hear the measured creak of the rocking-chair and Dinah's melodious voice softly singing:

"I's goin' home to kingdom come,  
Washed in de blood ob de Lamb."

She welcomed me with a grateful glance as I silently entered. As she shifted her apparently unconscious charge from one supporting arm to the other, I slipped my fingers over the slender wrist. The pulse was weak and fitful. Life was fast ebbing.

"She mos' to de end ob de journey, lil Missy Lil'yan," said Dinah, simply, tenderly wiping the moist forehead.

Our quiet watch began. One, two, three hours ticked away. Dinah laid her mistress on the bed and moistened the parched lips. The eyelids fluttered, slowly lifted, and the great blue eyes rested on the dusky face bending above her with a look of full consciousness.

"Dinah," murmured the weak voice, gaining poise as it slipped along the syl-

lables, "they told me Sister Elinor was dead. Is it true?"

"Yes, missy," said Dinah, solemnly. "Missy El'nor done die in dese ole arms, bress de Lawd!"

The eyes closed wearily, while a spasm of pain contracted the pale forehead.

"They said in that dreadful letter that we had broken her heart—Harry and I," she faltered, shudderingly. "Tell me it was not true," she added, imperiously.

"Dere, dere, Missy Lil'yan," said Dinah, evasively, "done yo' talk no mo'," deftly arranging the pillows and straightening the sheet.

"I must talk—I will know," exclaimed Missy Lil'yan, clasping and unclasping her frail hands excitedly. I had arisen and would have slipped from the room, but Dinah restrained me with a warning gesture. Again the faint voice steadied itself with an echo of its old imperiousness:

"Where is Colonel Evarts?"

"He done gone far ober de sea," answered Dinah, quietly.

"My father—has he never forgiven me?"

"De ole Jedge, he clean broke up. 'Pears like his heart war in Miss El'nor's grabe. He done say nuffin'," replied Dinah, hesitatingly, softly smoothing the golden rings back from the transparent forehead with her big dark fingers.

"He sent you to take care of me. He would not let me come home," said the other, searchingly.

"Yes, lil missy, he done send me."

The dilated eyes closed again and the lips drooped plaintively.

"It is so hard—so hard," she murmured. "What was Elinor's love compared with mine. She was selfish, cruel."

Dinah rose to her feet, her whole body seemed to dilate and her eyes flashed in the dim light.

"Lil Missy Lil'yan," she said, sternly, "done yo' dare! Missy El'nor's las'



word war, 'Tell her I fergib her.' De good Lawd in His mercy hab giben yo' de time to repent; bressed be His name. Yo' t'ink ob yo' earthly fader's fergibness; t'ink ob de Hebbenly Fader yo' hab offended. Pray, lil missy, pray quick, *Him* to fergib yo'," clasping the pale fingers in her warm grasp.

As I gazed it seemed to me the fluttering breath had already ceased. Dinah knelt swiftly, raised the helpless head, and administered a restorative. The great veins stood out upon her dusky forehead as she cried in agony:

"Come back, chile, come back. Say it, lil missy—*fergib!*"

To my excited fancy she wrestled with the Angel of Death himself and held him at bay. It seemed as if the poor departing soul heard the imperative summons and must needs obey. Again the shadowy eyes opened wide with a look of appeal in their depths, and faint as a breath our strained hearing caught the syllables "*forgive!*"

Dinah rose from her knees and wiped the great drops from her forehead.

"Bress de Lawd! I's waited long for dis moment. He *will* fergib yo' po' sinner, dough yo' is comê at de elebenth hour."

Calmly she performed the last offices. We all offered to assist her but she waved us back.

"I's allus done for lil missy. 'Pears like she'll sleep easier if ole Dinah get her ready."

Her task completed, Dinah turned and submissively followed me to my quiet room. I drew the easy-chair forward and she sank wearily into its depths, her tired hands folded limply in her lap.

"Yo's ben a good frien' to lil missy. De good Lawd bress yo', missus," she said, raising her soft, liquid eyes gratefully. "'Pears like I mus' tell yo' how she come to die all 'lone wid ole brack Dinah." She paused thoughtfully, gazing into the fire, the silence unbroken save by

the ticking of the clock. Suddenly she raised her head and began abruptly, rocking slowly to and fro, "Der war no plantation like de ole Jedge's anywhere roun', nor no such proud ole fam'bly. Ole missus she died when Missy Lil'yan war born, an' Missy El'nor war jest toddlin' roun' on her two lil feet, de berry sweetes' chile in all Virginny. Ole missus' las' words war, 'Dinah, take care ob my babies,' an' from dat day to dis I's ben faithful to dose chilluns as if dey war my berry own, sure 'nuff. De ole Jedge 'pears like he worship de groun' dose two gals trod on. Dey war all he hab lef', for lil Massa Fred'ric he die afore ole missus. Nuffin' war too good dat money could buy, an' dey war dressed in de berry bes'. Missy El'nor, he couldn't spile dat chile nohow. She one ob dem angel chillun dat nebber stay long in dis wicked worl'. 'Pears like she look right into Hebben wid dose big eyes ob hers, an' she dat lubbin' she couldn't do 'nuff for de ole Jedge an' lil Missy Lil'yan, an' eben for po' ole brack Dinah. But Missy Lil'yan she war somehow diff'runter. She boun' to hab her way, soon's she big 'nuff to know herself, an' when she stamp dat lil foot, my, de way dem niggers stan' roun'! De ole Jedge he couldn't bear to cross her, an' Missy El'nor she always gib right up to her in eberyting, so she growed up proud an' peart as a lil queen an' t'ink de whole worl' boun' to foller jest where she say.

"Dey growed up de lubliest gals in de county. Ole massa he mighty proud ob 'em, an' de ole house war all alibe wid de gentry a-comin' an' goin', an' all a-tryin' for de smiles ob my lil missises. Dare war young Massa Harry on de nex' plantation, he allus war Missy El'nor's shadder, an' my chile war *dat* happy dat she grew lublier ebery day. Sure 'nuff, she came to me one night wid her big soft eyes a-shinin', an' put up her lil arms jest as when she war a baby, 'He lubs me, mammy, an' I's tole yo' fust ob all.' Den Cunnel Ebarts he mightily taken wid lil

Missy Lil'yan, an' asked de ole Jedge for her. Ole massa, he done know what to say, for de Cunnel, he war not berry young nor berry harnsome. Missy Lil'yan, *she* settle it mighty quick. He hab heaps o' money, an' a gran' house in Richmon'. It war all fixed to hab a dubble weddin' an' 'pears like de ole Jedge couldn't do 'nuff. He send ober de sea for de lubliest gowns an' di'monds, an' de ole house war all made shinin' from de top to de bottom.

"Missy El'nor she war *dat* happy in dose days, de roses a-bloomin' out in her cheeks, a-singin' to her own self, an' stitchin' wid her lil white fingers. But Missy Lil'yan, she flit roun' like a hummin'-bird, a-coaxin' for dis t'ing an' dat t'ing, an' 'pears like eben ole massa couldn't please her. Massa Harry he go dancin' roun' wid her, an' Missy El'nor she'd watch 'em wid her eyes a-shinin', *dat* proud of 'em both.

"Somehow Missy Lil'yan she kep' away from de ole Cunnel, but he nebber mine, he so peart cos his gran' house hab such a harnsome young missus.

"It war de berry night afore de weddin'. Massa Harry, he done ben gone near all day—he berry busy at de plantation, an' Missy Lil'yan done lock her door and nebber open it when dey call her to de dinner.

"De house war full ob de ole Jedge's fam'bly, an' ebery t'ing war ready. Missy El'nor she send for me to come to her room, an' when I open de door, der she stan' in her weddin'-gown like a lil white angel.

"'Is it all right, mammy dear?' says she, 'an' does yo 'tink Massa Harry will like it?'

"Den she lay her lil curly head on dis ole shoulder.

"'Yo' will lib wid me, mammy; 'pears like I couldn't lib widout yo' nohow.'

"I bressed my chile, an' helped her fold all de fine tings, de lubly veil an' de shinin' silk, all ready for de mornin'.

Den I went down to see if de big supper-table war sot, an' I fin' some trubble hab come to de fam'bly.

"Ole massa he war holdin' on to a chair starin' at a bit ob paper; Cunnel Ebart he war ravin' up an' down de hall, an' de people war runnin' out ob de rooms wid scared faces. Den de ole Jedge he straighten up, an' he wait till dey all come roun', den he read dat paper in an awful voice dat made de niggers hangin' roun' de door quake in der boots.

"Missy Lil'yan an' Massa Harry dey done gone run away an' *got married*, an' nebber again would he own lil missy for chile ob his, an' nebber should come ober de threshol' ob de ole home, I push 'em all away."

"'Pears like I fergite eberyting but Missy El'nor. Dar she war, po' lil white lamb, clingin' to de stairway wid her eyes all dazed like. I pick her right up in dese ole arms an' carry her to her room an' lock de door in all der faces.

"Dere she lay de lil broken lily, moanin' and holdin' to dese brack hands all de night. De fam'bly, dey all went home, and de Cunnel he rode off early de nex' mornin'.

"Missy El'nor nebber hold her head up no mo'. She went in an' out among us a lil pale shadder, tryin' to comfort po' ole massa. Den she fade away like a lil white blossom. De ole Jedge he nebber mention Massa Harry or Missy Lil'yan, but he wrote 'em one letter, dat dey had *killed* Missy El'nor, an' he nebber would see 'em mo'. De berry nex' week come de awful news, Massa Harry had died mighty sudden. I 'spect his heart war broken wid sorrer, for he did truly lub Missy El'nor, howebber Missy Lil'yan bewitched him. Den we hear lil Missy sick nigh to death, all 'lone in de big, strange city.

"Ole massa, he done shut himself in de library, den he send for ole Dinah.

"'Go to your lil missy,' he say in a whisper, his po' hands a-tremblin' an' a-

shakin'. 'Take care ob her, I will gib yo' heaps ob money, but she cannot come back to de ole home while she libs, min' dat, Dinah.'

"De ole Jedge he put me in de cars his own self, an' I come straight to Missy Lil'yan de berry mornin' ob de day I found yo', missus."

Dinah paused at last, the tears trickling down her dusky cheeks.

We rose as by one impulse, and returned to the upper room.

Missy Lil'yan lay asleep as fair and peaceful as an infant, the querulous lines smoothed from her forehead. Dinah gently clasped the slender fingers as if in

prayer, and knelt beside her. I stole softly away and left her there.

The next morning Dinah placed a large sum of money in my hands, and at her request no expense was spared in procuring everything suitable. The conveyances drew up at the door to carry Dinah and her charge to the Southern bound train. She turned as we gathered around her at the hall-door.

"I done take lil Missy Lil'yan home," she said, solemnly. "De ole Jedge, he let her come now."

We pressed forward to grasp her faithful hand, and with one gesture of farewell she was gone.

MARION E. PICKERING.

**PRESSING FLOWERS.** The preservation of flowers with their natural colors is insured by the following process: A vessel with a movable cover and bottom is provided, and having removed the cover from it, a piece of metallic gauze of moderate fineness is fixed over it, and the cover replaced. A quantity of sand is then taken sufficient to fill the vessel and passed through a sieve into an iron pot, where it is heated, with the addition of a small quantity of stearine, carefully stirred so as to thoroughly mix the ingredients. The quantity of stearine to be added is at the rate of one-quarter of a pound to fifty pounds of sand. Care must be taken not to add too much stearine, as it would sink to the bottom and injure the flowers. The vessel with its cover on the gauze beneath it is then turned upside-down, and, the bottom being removed, the flowers to be operated on are carefully placed on the gauze and the sand poured gently and slowly in so as to fill in the inter-spaces and cover the flowers entirely, thus preventing the petals touching each other. The vessel is then put into a hot place, for instance, at the top of the baker's oven, where it is left for eighteen hours. The

flowers meantime dry and retain their natural colors. The vessel still remaining bottom upward, the lid is taken off and the sand runs away through the gauze, leaving the flowers uninjured. Stearine is the solid portion of fat, as mutton suet, for instance, and is insoluble in alcohol, and oleine is the liquid portion of oils and fat.

**HOPE AND PESSIMISM.** Hope is a truly divine instinct in man; and constantly, in the history of the individual as well as of the race, has it been justified in spite of probabilities. Even when hope has failed to reach its expected goal, it has often led to changes in the line of progress; and a hopeful nature, when not allied with too great shallowness, is a source of energy and good achievement. Therefore the hopeful attitude is in good repute; and even the pessimist, who rejects it for himself, finds that its presence in others is to his advantage. Hope, with purpose to back it, has, humanly speaking, many a time pulled the human race out of the mire; whereas the best that pessimism has done has been to avert a temporary inconvenience.

## UNCLE CALEB'S CURE.

UNCLE CALEB sat upon the broad flagged kitchen door-stone fastening a new lash to his heavy ox-whip.

"Wife," he exclaimed, suddenly, pursing up his smooth-shaven lips, and knitting his heavy brows as the twine slipped through his clumsy fingers, "if you'll agree, I've pooty much made up my mind to sell the farm afore another winter."

Aunt Betsy carefully arranged the quaint willow-ware cups and saucers upon the shelf, and closed the cupboard door.

"I dunno, Caleb," she quavered, "we're gittin' sorter old to bear transplantin'."

Uncle Caleb settled his hat firmly on the back of his head, and readjusted his spectacles.

"Wal, you know, Betsy, I've allus kinder hankered to go out to Ioway an' settle near brother 'Liphalet. He says it's a mighty flourishin' place. I've spent all my life in the country, an' I b'l'ev'e I'd rather die in the town."

"You don't s'pect to make your fortin' out there, do you?" queried Aunt Betsy, dryly.

"Fortin'!" repeated Uncle Caleb, contemptuously. "I calkilate we've got enough to see us through; but I'm sick o' farmin' an' if I could get a snug place side o' Liphalet's, with a little gardin, an' keep one cow, an' mebbe a pony an' shay for us to jog round with, we could live sorter easy."

"I dunno, Caleb," said Aunt Betsy again, tremulously. "We're gittin' on in years, an' if one on us should be taken, 'pears like there'd be no other place so nateral for t'other."

Uncle Caleb pushed up his glasses and

peered at his helpmeet from beneath his shaggy brows:

"Wal, you *air* crossin' bridges—neither on us turned seventy yet, an' both hale an' hearty—good for twenty year, the Lord willin'. I b'l'ev'e you're gittin' down-sperited, Betsy, an' the change'll chirk you up. It's home to me wherever you be, an' I calkilate you feel the same way. We've nary chick nor child to leave behind us. 'Taint as if there was a crowd o' gran'childern growin' up round us."

A slight flush flitted over Aunt Betsy's wrinkled cheek. All unwittingly her husband had touched a tender chord. Even now she could hardly bear reference to the blessing that had been denied her.

"Like enough I could sell the critters along o' the farm," proceeded Uncle Caleb, still intent upon his whip-lash. "Old Prince wouldn't tech his oats in new quarters. Dumb critters aint like humans. It comes mighty hard for 'em to turn out o' their tracks, don't it, pussy?" as the big yellow cat sprang to his knee and cuddled down, purring contentedly.

"How much do you calkilate 'twould fetch?" quavered Aunt Betsy, drawing out her knitting-work, seating herself on the step beside her husband, and gazing lingeringly over the broad fields.

"Somewhere in the neighborhood of three thousand, I reckon; I sha'n't set it too steep. Farms aint in much demand nowadays, the 'Squire says."

"There's that twenty-five hundred Gran'ther Pond left me," said Aunt Betsy, thoughtfully. "It haint never ben teched, an' it must be a harnsome sum by this time."

"No, an' 'taint goin' to be teched now," interposed Uncle Caleb, promptly.



"That air nest-egg o' yourn is goin' to stay jest where 'tis, Betsy. There, that'll go, I reckon," and with a critical snap of the ox-whip, Uncle Caleb trotted barnward.

Aunt Betsy dropped her knitting-work and fell into a brown study.

"'Taint a mite o' use to 'oppose him," she said to herself, shaking her head, mournfully. "He's had this idee in his head for nigh on to ten year, an' Caleb is sot jest like his father. If he aint a mighty homesick man, inside o' two months, I miss *my* reckonin', but it'll be too late when the old place is fairly out o' his hands."

Suddenly her face cleared and brightened,

"I do b'l'ever I see my way out o' this if I only darst do it," folding the knitting with alacrity, and spearing the plump blue ball with the needles. "I'll go an' tell Aleck next week an' see what he says about it."

"Caleb," said Aunt Betsy, composedly, when the curtains were drawn and all made snug for the night, "I b'l'ever I'll cook up a chicken and fry a pan o' doughnuts, so you can shift for yourself for a day or two, an' I'll go to Boston an' make Aleck's folks a little visit. It may be my last chance before we go to Ioway. I want to smarten up a bit besides. I orter have a new alipack, an' my bunnit needs sprucin' up. 'Liphalet's quite a big man out there, selectman an' deacon o' the church, an' I dunno what all. I shouldn't want his folks to be ashamed o' me."

"That's right," responded Uncle Caleb, heartily. "You make your visit an' git your fixin's, an' mebbe Aleck can tell you o' one o' them agent fellers as 'll sell the farm. 'Twon't do to let any grass grow under our feet if we're goin' to git away afore snow flies."

Aunt Betsy briskly made her preparations, and the following Tuesday took the earliest train for the city.

Her nephew's family had just arisen from the dinner-table when she toiled up the long flight of stone steps and rang the bell. She was received with open arms, for, although the children spent a part of every vacation at the farm-house, her visits to the city were rare.

After the first warm greetings were over, and the well-worn carpet-bag set wide open while little fingers explored its depths for "August sweetin's" and juicy "Latherin's," Aunt Betsy bethought herself of the object of her visit.

"I didn't come pleasurin' this time. Can you give me a few minutes on per-tickeler business, Aleck?"

"Why, of course, Auntie, as many as you please," and she was marched off to the library, and the door summarily closed in the faces of the clamoring little ones.

"It is not a serious matter, I trust," said her nephew, with an anxious glance at her sober face, as he seated her in a luxurious easy-chair, and wheeled another beside her.

With an effort Aunt Betsy roused herself from her abstraction, and briefly related the dilemma, and her own well-laid plans for avoiding the disastrous consequences of parting with the old farm.

Her nephew listened attentively, and when she paused leaned back in his chair, and laughed loud and long.

Aunt Betsy watched him somewhat apprehensively.

"Do you s'pose I can carry it out, Aleck, it's quite an undertakin'," she ventured, timidly.

"Why Auntie, what a general you would have made. Who would have believed you had so much strategy in your composition. But one thing I must insist upon," taking her wrinkled hand between his own tenderly. "I will advance the money myself, and you need not trouble yourself any more about it."

"No, Aleck," said Aunt Betsy, firmly, "I'm bound to carry this through in my

own way. But if you'll tend to the law part, the deeds, an' the transferin' an' recordin', I'll be mightily obleeged to you. We allus calkulated to make a visit to 'Liphalet's folks anyhow, an' I don't see any other way to bring Caleb to a realizin' sense o' what he's doin'."

"I have a friend in the real estate business," said her nephew, opening a desk-drawer and taking out a card. "Uncle Caleb shall hear from him, and we will send out a purchaser next week. I suppose you will wish to leave at once."

"Yes, the sooner we git through this nonsense the better," replied Aunt Betsy, somewhat grimly, opening the door to the beseeching children.

The next day Aunt Betsy, accompanied by "Aleck's wife," completed her few purchases, and the third morning after her departure returned home highly pleased with the success of her mission.

"Caleb," she said, as she emerged from the ell-bedroom once more comfortably attired in her every-day apparel, "I've ben thinkin' we might as well let the furnitur go along o' the place. It's old stuff, no sort o' style about it nohow. You jest orter see Aleck's parlor set. Lookin' glasses from the floor clean to the ceilin', an' a big pianner an' a posy-carpet," and Aunt Betsy glanced around her domain with a look of disdain that her husband never had seen on her face during forty years of wedded life.

Uncle Caleb's jaw fell in amazement, and he paused with half-open mouth in front of Aunt Betsy and peered at her with the utmost concern. "Wh—why Betsy," he stammered, "you didn't get over-het nor nothin' travelin', did ye?" and without waiting for a reply, he hastily took down the milk-pails and left the kitchen. "I can't make out what's come over Betsy," he confided to Old Brindle, as the snowy streams trickled through his thick fingers and bubbled and foamed in the shining pail. "She's allus fit me in her quiet way if I even

hinted at sellin', an' she's ben so ch'ice o' the furnitur as was her marm's afore her. She aint one o' the flighty kind, nuther. I aint sartain that I like the change."

One afternoon a pale, slender gentleman knocked at the little-used front-door, politely asked to be shown over the farm, and was ushered into the kitchen with great ceremony by Aunt Betsy. Uncle Caleb rose with alacrity and accompanied the stranger on a prolonged tour of the premises. Never was a more careful purchaser. He paced off the fields with Uncle Caleb trotting red-faced and breathless behind him. He carefully examined Black Prince's teeth, greatly to the dismay of that ancient steed, and knowingly calculated the tons of sweet English hay on the mows. Finally he inspected the house and its contents, trying the springs of the parlor-sofa, and critically testing the water sparkling clear from the well-bucket. He gratefully accepted Aunt Betsy's proffered hospitality for the night, and the next morning the bargain was concluded. Lawyer White was summoned and the deeds drawn up ready for signing. Aunt 'Betsey came forward and unflinchingly affixed her name in her own peculiar cramped handwriting, but Uncle Caleb's hand trembled despite his utmost efforts, and his shaky signature ended in a blot.

The next day the new owner departed.

"That air city feller don't look no great shakes for a farmer," commented Uncle Caleb. "'Spect he's one o' them book-farmers I've heern tell on. Most wish I'd tucked on another hundred," he added, regretfully.

The old couple at once began preparations for departure. Valuables and keepsakes were carefully packed and placed in charge of a kind neighbor.

Uncle Caleb was constantly mystified by the apparent indifference with which Aunt Betsy discarded the treasures of years, and hopelessly bewildered by the ridiculously small number of articles she

desired to retain. One bright September morning Uncle Caleb dragged himself sorrowfully out of the house of his birth, but Aunt Betsy tripped airily down the path between the currant bushes with never a look behind.

"'Pears like she's glad to git red o' the whole concern," thought Uncle Caleb, resentfully; "wal, there's no accountin' wimmin-kind," with a puzzled shake of the head.

Great was the rejoicing of "'Liphalet's folks" when Uncle Caleb and Aunt Betsy, with numerous boxes, bags, and bundles, were deposited at their hospitable door. Unaccustomed to traveling, the old people were quite worn out with the journey, and three or four weeks elapsed ere Uncle Caleb set about finding the "snug little place" he had set his heart upon. The great town, throbbing with the bustle and boom of business, was quite unlike the quiet country village he had pictured. One tenement was too large, another too grand, another had no shelter for the cow and "pony shay," and all far exceeded in price the modest sum he felt justified in investing.

'Liphalet assisted him with all the warmth of his brotherly heart, but day by day Uncle Caleb grew more and more dejected. Aunt Betsy meanwhile was making the most of her "visitin'-time," sight-seeing with Mrs. 'Liphalet, and being entertained with true Western hospitality by the remotest branches of the family. If her thoughts sometimes flew Eastward to her unaccomplished preserving and pickling, she made no sign.

October had given place to November, and no progress had been made toward a purchase. Uncle Caleb sat by the window of the pleasant guest-chamber mournfully surveying the slate-colored sky. Visions of the pleasant old homestead came unbidden and dimmed his eyes. He could hear the nuts drop over on the hill in the further pasture. The apples on the trees he had planted must have been gathered

long ago, and the pumpkins piled in a great golden heap on the south piazza. How was the little "yearlin'" who had been wont to watch for his coming with her great soft eyes, and did anybody remember to give Old Brindle the "warm mash" he always prepared for her when the frost came?

"I'm afeard, Betsy, I've made a big mistake, arter all. I've dragged ye out here, an' now I never kin git to-feel at home in this hurly-burly, nohow. I'm all shook up an' lonesomer than a cat in a strange garret. I'd be glad to camp down on the old kitchen floor this blessed night."

Aunt Betsy shook up a pillow vigorously. "So would I, Caleb. Let's go home."

"Too late," groaned Uncle Caleb; "that air book-farmer 'd make me pay a cool thousand to git the old place back ag'in."

"He's nothin' whatsoever to do with it. I own the farm!" said Aunt Betsy, triumphantly.

Uncle Caleb gazed at her in speechless horror, convinced that her senses had forsaken her.

"Caleb! Caleb! wake up," exclaimed Aunt Betsy, betwixt laughing and crying, shaking him gently by the shoulders. "You *would* sell, an' I bought it with that money o' Gran'ther Pond's in the Shawmut bank, you know."

"But that air book-farmer?" stammered Uncle Caleb, helplessly.

"Oh! that was Aleck's bookkeeper. The poor feller was jest gittin' up from the typhoid, an' Aleck thought the change of air 'd do him good."

"But the deed?" questioned Uncle Caleb, anxiously.

"That is all straight; he did buy fair an' square, but he had t'other deed in his pocket, an' Lawyer White slipped in while you were milkin' an' fixed it all up. Aleck tended to the signin' an' recordin', an' it's locked up in his office this blessed minit," here Aunt Betsy's forced com-

posure gave way utterly. "Caleb," she cried, laying one trembling hand on his knee, "let's go home. You might as well dig up the two big elms in the medder, an' expect 'em to take root on the gravel knoll as for you an' me git wonted to new ways in our old age."

Uncle Caleb sprang to his feet and

pulled off his coat, excitedly: "Let's go right to packin' up, Betsy. If we leave to-morrow mornin' we'll git back in time to keep Thanksgivin' under the old roof, an' when I leave it ag'in it won't be to travel any further than our lot in the buryin'-ground."

MARION E. PICKERING.

**R**EGULARITY OF HABIT. "One of the most difficult of all minor habits to acquire," says an able writer, "is that of regularity. It ranks with that of order. The natural inclination of most persons is to defer until the last possible moment, or to put off to another time where this can possibly be done. Yet habits of regularity contribute largely to the ease and comfort of life. A person can multiply his efficiency by it. We know persons who have a multitude of duties and who perform a vast deal of work daily, who set apart certain hours for given duties and are there at the moment and attend rigidly to what is in hand. This done, and other engagements are met, each in order, and a vast deal accomplished, not by strained exertion but by regularity. The mind can be so trained to this that at certain hours in the day it will turn to a particular line of duty and at other hours to other and different labors. The very diversity is restful when attended to in regular order. But let these run together, and the duties mixed, and what before was easy is now annoying and oppressive, and the exact difference between many is at this point. There are those who confuse and rush and attempt to do several things at once and accomplish little, while another will quietly proceed from one duty to another and easily accomplish a vast amount of work. The difference is not in the capacity of the two, but in the regular methods

of the one as compared with the irregular and confused habits of the other."

**CO-OPERATION.** It is unreasonable to expect hearty co-operation and warm sympathy with regard to subjects that interest us from those who lack the requisite knowledge. The enthusiastic reformer, the impassioned philanthropist, or the merely private individual who is earnestly intent on some step in advance, wonders how people can be so dull, so cold, so unconcerned upon a subject which is to him so full of serious import. Could he see into their minds, he would very likely find so much ignorance of the matter on hand, or such vague and unformed notions as would fully account for their lack of interest. So, instead of being hurt or angry, astonished or contemptuous, he should try to clear away the briars that beset their path, to spread the necessary information, to infuse clear perceptions and definite ideas. It will be found that more and better work will be accomplished in this way than by any direct attempt to arouse an interest or to compel attention or to play upon the emotions.

To remove fruit stains from linen rub the part on each side with yellow soap, then tie up a piece of pearlsh in the cloth and soak in hot water. Afterward expose the stained part to the sun and air until removed.



## THE GOVERNOR.

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THE gubernatorial residence at M— was ablaze with light, and a long line of carriages filed up to the entrance and daintily slippers feet sprang out upon the rich carpet stretched from curb to door, as women in evening dress and glittering jewels passed into the house, followed by their male attendants, along the wide hall, between rows of hot-house plants in urns and vases, and footmen in crimson and gold livery, into a gold and white room, lined from floor to ceiling with mirrors and rare paintings, and with exquisite roses and orchids everywhere. At one end of the long room, with a great mass of rich red jacquemint roses banked behind them, stood Governor Waring and his wife.

The former stood head and shoulders above the most of his guests, and the snowy whiteness of the hair, brushed straight back from the high, wide forehead was the only token of the sixty-five years which had passed over his head. There was no stoop in the broad shoulders, no sign of the passage of years in the dark proud face, cleanly shaven, with the stern gray eyes, the firm, thin-lipped mouth, and the strongly-molded chin. A face at which one involuntarily turned to look again, strong, proud, fascinating, and yet how little emotion or feeling it ever showed; stern and cold and haughty always, except, perhaps, to her who stood by his side, who had been the one and only love of his life; and yet, when once, and once only, in an hour of supreme agony, she had tried to break down that indomitable pride and iron will, she had found them even stronger than her tears, her agony. And yet they had been a mother's tears, a mother's agony pleading for her child.

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It was the not uncommon story of an only son, on whom were centered a mother's tenderest love, a father's proudest hopes, bringing sorrow to the one, and bitter disappointment to the other. Upon the boy's wayward and high-strung nature the father's sternness and severity acted as a goad. Things grew worse as the boy reached manhood. Wounded in his strongest attribute, his pride, by his son's waywardness and dissipation, Andrew Waring grew more sternly intolerant of the former's offenses, until one day, after a drunken brawl on the streets in which young Waring figured conspicuously, his father called him into his presence, and coldly, sternly told him he was no longer son of his, and that his house would shelter him no longer. It was then in vain the mother pleaded, the son who had no love for his father to cause him to appeal to him, was sullenly silent, and there was only a muttered curse on his lips as he went from his father's presence to enter it no more.

"Never speak his name to me again," said Andrew Waring to his wife; "remember that henceforth I have no son."

She obeyed him, but her mother's heart could not forget or cease to ache in agony and longing.

Time went on, years passed, and no tidings ever came of young Andrew Waring; whether he were living or dead they knew not. In the fifteen years that had elapsed since he closed his doors upon that reprobate son, the older man had risen in his career until he held the highest office the State could bestow. Many had forgotten that he ever had a son; he, himself, seemed to have forgotten it the mother, who always remembered and sorrowed, often thought. As she

stood by her husband's side, in her silks and rare old laces, with diamonds flashing on her breast, and in the fair hair which had grown so gray within the last fifteen years, far too gray, for she was many years younger than her husband, many in that brilliant throng envied her, little guessing how empty it all was to her, how gladly she would have relinquished it all for some tidings of that absent son, or just to look once again on his face.

Somewhat late in the evening a little old man, with sharp features, and a bald head, made his way to where the Governor and his wife stood. Both greeted him with evident pleasure, for Henry Holton, one of the most celebrated lawyers of his time, had, for many years, been intimate in the Waring family, he and the Governor having been college chums in their young days.

"I am delighted to see you," Mrs. Waring said, with her soft, gentle smile; it was not often the old lawyer ever attended any fashionable entertainments.

"I must confess to combining business with pleasure even now," he replied, "that is, if the Governor can spare me a few moments alone."

"I can in about an hour's time, Holton, and will join you then in the library."

The Governor and his wife then mingled with their guests. Holton stood for a while and watched the brilliant scene with contracted brows.

"Great heavens!" he muttered, "to think of the tragedy underlying all this, and that poor woman, she has suffered, her face shows that. What if she knew? This thing must be averted."

He did not linger long in the reception-room, but went off to the library where he paced up and down, in deep and disturbed thought until the Governor joined him.

"Well, here I am," the latter said, sinking rather wearily into a chair, "what can I do for you?"

The lawyer drew up another chair and sat down opposite to him.

"Did you know that this man Carson whom I have been defending was found guilty this afternoon of murder in the first degree and condemned to be hanged?" he asked.

"Yes, I knew it, the death-warrant was brought me early in the evening, and I have not yet had time to sign it."

"I have come to ask you not to sign that death-warrant," said Holton, with abrupt earnestness; "on the contrary, to pardon this man."

"Indeed? And your reasons? they are, of course, good and sufficient ones?"

"The evidence is all purely circumstantial, and I do not believe him guilty."

"That may be as you have defended him, but the law has found him so. You must give me stronger reason than that, can you do so?"

"I am strongly interested in the man and I ask his pardon from you as a personal favor."

"I am both surprised and sorry that you should do so. The claims of friendship are strong with me, but they stop short of my duty, which, you must know, is to uphold the laws of the State which has placed me at its head."

"Yes, yes, I know all that," replied the lawyer, impatiently; then he went on with impressive earnestness, "but there is a strong reason why you should not sign the death-warrant of that man even if he be guilty. If you pardon him I promise you he shall leave the country forever, or, if you will not pardon him, at least commute his sentence."

"There can be no reason why I should do either, except proof of his innocence or extenuating circumstances which the law would recognize. You, I should judge, cannot produce either or you would have done so at the proper time and place."

"Confound it all, man, if you will

have the reason, it is this: The condemned man's name is not Carson at all, it is the same as yours, Andrew Waring, the other is assumed."

A short silence followed. A swift pallor swept the Governor's face from chin to brow, the hand resting on the arm of his chair suddenly clenched over it until the veins stood out like cords. Then he looked across into the other's face with cold, unflinching eyes.

"I still fail to see justifiable reason for granting your request," he said, quietly.

"My God! man!" the lawyer cried, springing to his feet in his excitement. "Don't you understand? The man's your own son. I recognized him from the first (though no one else did, he's terribly changed) and undertook his case, trying my hardest to get him off, whether he was guilty or innocent, for your sake and his mother's sake, and also because I had carried him in my arms when he was a little toddling child, and somehow I couldn't forget the clinging of those small baby arms about my neck. I failed, but it is in your power still to save him. You will not sign the death-warrant of your own son?"

The Governor also arose and drew himself up until his great height seemed to tower above the other. His brows were drawn together, his face was cold, pale, and stern.

"You make a great mistake," he said. "I have no son."

Before Holton could reply the velvet portière was put aside and Mrs. Waring entered. Both men stared at her dumbly as she came forward, a smile on her lips, her laces and heavy silks trailing behind her.

"I must beg pardon for my intrusion," she said, then she looked at her husband, "some of your guests are leaving, Andrew, so I came for you."

"Yes, I will come," he replied, a little mechanically.

"Mrs. Waring," said Holton, abruptly,

and the Governor gave a quick start, "I have just been making a request of your husband, asking him to pardon that fellow Carson who was condemned to-day. Will you add your entreaties to mine? ask your husband to pardon him for—for the sake of the unfortunate man's poor mother."

The smile faded from her lips, they quivered, the tears rose to her eyes.

"Poor, poor mother," she murmured, then she laid her hand on her husband's arm and looked, with a faint smile into the lawyer's face. "I am sure my husband would not refuse any request of yours, Mr. Holton, without very good reason," she added, gently.

The lawyer bowed and looked across at the Governor. His face was white, but the dark, proud eyes met his calmly, unflinchingly, as he drew his wife's hand through his arm.

"Will you come with us, Holton?" he asked.

"No," answered the lawyer, briefly, "I am going now."

When he was alone he murmured to himself with white lips:

"And I have actually pleaded in vain. Is he made of flesh or iron? But I will not give up, I will try to save him myself."

In a few minutes he had left the house.

A few hours later the guests were all gone, the lights all put out with the exception of the library, where the Governor sat at his writing-table. A document lay before him on the table, he held a pen in his hand. His face was very white, great drops of sweat stood on his brow, but with a hand which never trembled he signed his name at the bottom of the document, the death-warrant of the man known as James Carson.

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One month had passed away. The Governor's wife lay on a lounge beside the open window on a sunny morning in

June. The Governor was sitting beside her. She looked pale and rather frail. She had not been well for some weeks, and the physicians warned her husband there was a slight affection of the heart, nothing very serious so long as she was kept free of excitement or worry.

"You are feeling better to-day, Alice, are you not?" the Governor asked, taking her thin hand in his; "you will be strong enough to undertake a journey in a week or so?"

"Oh! yes," she replied, "I shall soon be all right. The air is very sweet to-day," turning her face toward the window; the next moment she exclaimed, "Where are all the people going? There is such a crowd all hurrying in the same direction."

"Excuse me, ma'am," said her maid, who was in the room, "but the people are going to see that man, Carson, hung."

Mrs. Waring drew back with a shudder, the Governor turned sharply around.

"It's not so," he cried, so harshly that the girl stared, "he is not to be hanged until this afternoon."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but it's this morning. For some reason they changed the time."

The Governor made a quick movement as though to rise, then sank back. Mrs. Waring grew suddenly silent. She turned her face away from the window, her hand still lay in her husband's. The maid had gone to the window, which looked toward the court-house and jail. The crowd had disappeared from the street below. The minutes passed by, there was silence in the room broken only by the ticking of the little French clock on the mantel. Suddenly the maid's voice broke it:

"There, ma'am, it's all over, the people are coming out."

"All over!" the Governor repeated, mechanically, then, for the first time, he looked at his wife. The tears were slowly falling down her pale cheeks.

"Why do you weep?" he asked, in a voice which sounded strange and hoarse.

She raised her sad, tear-filled eyes to his face.

"I was weeping for the poor mother," she replied.

Some hours later the servant came to Mrs. Waring, and informed her that Mr. Holton desired very particularly to see her.

"Show him up here," she said, and in a few moments he was ushered into her presence. She looked at him in some surprise. He was evidently just off a journey and looked dusty and travel-stained. There was a pale, determined look on his face, which was grave and unsmiling as he came up to the couch where she lay.

"Pardon me for coming to you in this condition," he said, "but I have just returned from a journey and my business with you admits of not a moment's delay. Mrs. Waring, do you remember that night about a month ago, you were holding a reception, when you came to the library where your husband and myself were and I asked you to add your entreaties to mine to induce the Governor to pardon James Carson who had that very day been condemned?"

"Oh! yes, quite well," she replied.

"I never expected to tell you what I am about to tell you," he went on, "but it is a last and desperate resort. I have been away ever since that night trying to hunt up proof of that man's innocence (for I believe him to be innocent), but quite in vain. He dies this afternoon unless your husband saves him, or if he will only reprieve him I may still be able to prove him innocent. I want you to go to your husband and plead for this man. Ah! madam, plead as only a mother can, for he is your son."

He paused. She had risen on her elbow and was staring at him. The awful look in the poor eyes, gazing out of the marble pallor of the face, was destined to



haunt him during the remainder of his life and rob it of all rest or peace. She never spoke, something like a long, deep sigh left her lips, she fell back, and lay still. The lawyer sprang to her side. The eyes still gazed up at him, the awful look of agony and horror frozen in them, but they were sightless, and, as he stood gazing down upon her, the voices of the newsboys in the street below came clearly through the open window:

"Evening news, full account of the execution of the murderer, James Carson," they cried.

"My God! I have killed her," muttered the lawyer, with whitening lips.

Night had come. Over the Governor's mansion hung the silence and gloom of death. In her chamber lay the dead mistress. The sweet white face was very

peaceful, the heavy lids hiding the horror and agony in the eyes, a faint smile touching the lips. Beside her knelt the husband, but in a few short hours the whole weight of his years seemed to have descended upon him, bowing the straight shoulders and the proud stately head. It was an old man who knelt there, crushed and feeble, with his trembling hands clasping the folded dead ones crushing the white roses on the still breast.

In a room below another dead form lay by the side of which no vigil was kept. The form of the man hanged that day for murder, but whom all the city now knew to be the son of the proud Governor. Mother and son would rest together, the strong barrier which had kept them asunder was broken down at last, though only to lay them side by side in death.

EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

**UNGRACIOUSNESS.** Ungaciousness is wholly opposed to all our ideas of good breeding. An ungracious person will never come up to our standard of a true gentleman or gentlewoman, although well born and well educated. The sensation of insecurity and of being on the look-out for some ill-judged speech dissipates that safe and calm atmosphere which surrounds the truly refined. There is always a nervous dread of what may come next, and a feeling of constraint is generated. Persons who are much in the society of the ungracious foster insensibly a guarded carefulness as to topics likely to call forth a show of ungraciousness, and a cautious manner of feeling their way on a subject, so to speak, very trying to those having to practice it. Yet, with every care taken, the failing will appear, and almost always when least expected, and on occasions seemingly calling for it the least.

THE first cracks made in the smooth surface of friendship are as dangerous as those which come to the sheeny satin garment of young married love. Freedom of speech and exacting close attention, neglect of due forms, liberties beyond the license of just intimacy—all these are cracks to be stopped in the beginning, else the time will come when no masonry of tact or affection can repair them.

KIND words are the music of the world. They have a power which seems to be beyond natural causes, as if they were some angel's song which had lost its way and come on earth and sang on undying, smiting the hearts of men with sweetest wounds, and putting for the while an angelic nature in us. Hard words, on the other hand, are like hailstones in summer, beating down and destroying what they would nourish were they melted into drops.

## THANKSGIVING 'MONG THE PINES.

**S**NOWED in; that meant much more than they imagined when the snow continued to fall so unceasingly, till at last it fastened them in securely behind the white drifts; much more at least than a goodly half even then realized.

There were two persons, Slim Jim and Sam Slick, as they had been facetiously nicknamed, owing to the length of limb of one and the decidedly rough appearance of the other, who looked the calamity in the face understandingly.

"We ought ter a hed more sense, old miners as we be; but the gold was a-pilin' in so fast an' I did trust to the snow a-holdin' off a spell yet. Big geoses as ever I heard tell of, an' now we're in fur it."

"Is it very bad?" inquired Nat Good-year, who was indeed a tenderfoot, having only reached the camp a few months previous.

"Bad! bad's no name."

"And Thanksgiving only two weeks off. I thought—I hoped to be home then."

"Did yer now; well, my boy, you made yer fortune quick, an' no mistake, but it 'll be sometime 'fore you carry it home."

"How long will the snow last?"

"All winter."

Nat looked astounded, the expression on the faces of the old pards was grave, almost hopeless.

"Not all winter! why the supplies—"

"Will last about ten days," said Slim Jim, with a queer smile. "Jolly old Thanksgivin' we'll have."

"But can nothing be done? can't we dig a way out under the snow?"

"Yes we might—in six years."

"But the women and children! you don't mean that we are to sit quietly down and await starvation?"

"Would probably answer as well as anything," muttered Sam. "However, the boy's not far wrong: we'll not sit down an' make no effort. Jim an' me's jist a-thinkin'."

"But it's the worst state of affairs I ever saw," said Jim, stretching his long arms out with a quaint gesture of despair.

Sam chuckled and said: "Now if Jim was jist a little longer he could make a bridge across the snow down ter the plains, out o' his arms."

Jim almost blushed at this, but answering a thought that was in his mind said:

"Length of limb counts sometimes, and I kin tramp through a pretty big snow-drift, as you know, but I was a-wishing the snow would git a good crust on it."

"'Twon't very soon, so a sled could be pushed over it, as I reckon you been a-thinkin' of."

"It may," cried Nat; "let us go to work and rig up a sled. I know it must have broad runners, and be so light we can either carry or ride upon it. And I myself have an idea too, but I won't tell just now."

"You're a brave boy, if you be a tenderfoot; but do you know that the ones who set out upon this here journey must start soon, so's to git back in time, an' that likely they'll never reach the plains alive?"

"I know, but I'd rather die a-trying, not only to save myself, but the little children and the women—lucky there are so few."

For a day the little camp was eagerly at work; suggestions and advice and help was freely offered. But who would undertake the dangerous journey? Only a portion understood all that journey might mean.

Sam drew one of their number aside and advised to begin dealing out rations sparingly.

"Jim an' me'll go, and I s'pose that boy Nat won't be held back, he's spry as a cat and may hold out, and if you're real careful you can make out fur three weeks. If we shouldn't git back in ten days better start another party."

The day they started, which was upon the following morning, Nat made his appearance with a pair of very respectable looking snow-shoes. Sam and Jim eyed them in surprise.

"You 'do beat all," said Jim; "can you paddle along with them things? I own I never tried, and who learned you to make 'em?"

"I made a long visit to a cousin who lives up in Canada one winter, and met a number of Indians, purchased a pair of snow-shoes, and luckily learned how to use them well. These are clumsy things, but they are strong, and I can use them I think."

With many encouraging words, but secret fears, the three started down that snow-covered trail.

Only those who have been on the mountains where the snow is piled in immense drifts, can imagine the perils and dangers that lay before them.

On the little sled which they drew was a coil of strong rope, a sharp axe and shovel, three good rifles—for possible game and foes, as it might be—and a tin box containing a few biscuits.

Slowly, indeed, did they progress, but perhaps it was lucky, since on that very first night Sam shot a deer amid much rejoicing.

"Roast a part, and I'll take the remainder back to camp; it will be much to them," exclaimed Nat.

"But we ought to push on."

"Yes, but I'll overtake you, never fear."

Much surprised were the people to see Nat back so soon, but the burden he bore

was very welcome. Hastily he turned about and retraced his steps, but it was well on toward night of the next day ere he overtook his companions, and he found them in a sorry strait indeed.

They had cut their way along by the aid of the shovel, but now before them yawned a chasm, deep and long, that suddenly went down so steep and precipitous the descent seemed impossible.

"We have been waitin' fur you, my boy; you're the lightest weight, an' I reckon you won't mind swinging over that there."

"No," said Nat, quietly, "I am not afraid, and the rope is strong. What am I to do when once down?"

"You are to make the rope fast, an' help us down with the sled, then I s'pose we're to follow. Once down there, I know a short cut to Gray's Gap, but we'll have to go in through the mountain a ways."

"Through the mountains, Sam?"

"Yes, there's a cave an' a dangerous passage-way. I went it once, never had any desire ter try it over, but it kin be done, an' it must be in this case. Now, let us make this here knot firm about you. So! that's comfortable. Now you kin use both your hands an' keep from gittin' hurt by the rocks."

They swung him over the dizzy height down, down. The rope swayed, and Nat wondered if he would ever reach the bottom, but he did, and, obeying the commands of his companions, soon had the pleasure of witnessing their safe but most dangerous descent.

After all were down they made their way to an opening in what appeared the side of a solid wall.

"Wonderful!" said Nat, following Sam's lead.

"We'll just sleep right here, to-night, we're all played out, an' to-morrow we'll begin what's goin' ter be the most dangerous tramp we ever had, likely we'll none of us ever see daylight ag'in."

One false step in there, or some nest o' snakes or bears, an' it'll be all over with us."

"If anything should happen," began Nat. "I mean if you or Jim should get through and live to tell it, I wish you'd see that my belt of gold-dust is sent home to my old father and mother; it will maybe make them remember me kindly, and you can tell them I died bravely; it's been a year next Thanksgiving since I ran away from home."

"Ran away, did you?"

"Yes, a lot of us young fellows were shooting at targets, and I—it was lucky it did happen to be me—made a target, accidentally, out of father's best horse, a valuable animal, and one that I loved myself."

"Oh! ho!" laughed Jim, "that was a nice target, indeed. What did the old man say?"

"He said a number of things," owned Nat, the color rising to his cheeks, "and I'm sorry to say I answered back, and then I got my clothes and came away. The last memory of them I have was of the good dinner on the table, the big turkey in the midst, and mother with her face buried in her gingham apron, and father, stern and pale, standing near, in grim silence. It was too bad for me to kill a horse worth two hundred dollars, when there was a mortgage on the dear old place that I should have helped to pay—that's why I want this little fortune to reach them—if possible."

The little camp up in the mountains watched the days come and go anxiously. How long, how long, they kept saying, would it be before help came?

There were but two women and some five youngsters among the few miners, the women were brave, and the children unconscious of their danger.

More than one, when given their scant portion of food, set aside a fragment even of that for the little ones, that they, at least, might not be hungry.

And the days came and went until ten had passed; two were down with fever, and all looked wan and gaunt, for even being half-starved was by no means pleasant, and the worry that was ever about them, the fearful doubt, was as bad as the lack of food.

Nobody, as yet, volunteered to set out to make the journey; all kept hoping that they might hear from the first party, but no word came, and the flour was almost gone, the weather was severe, and the snow prevented them from getting good fuel.

"We'll tear down one of the shanties, that'll last awhile, and keep the little folks warm."

So a house was torn down and divided, and two of their most able-bodied men set out, hoping to meet the returning party.

"We will have something for to-morrow," said the leader, a tender-hearted old man, "and then if the good Lord don't send us aid, I expect we'll go hungry awhile."

The situation was frightful, and as they counted up the days they knew that another day would bring Thanksgiving, and what a Thanksgiving it was to them!

Far away in another home an old man and woman made ready for Thanksgiving, also. There was the biggest and fattest turkey in the whole brood roasted, the nicest of pumpkin pies baked, and yet the faces about the board so plentifully loaded were sad ones.

"I keep hoping Nat will return," said the mother, "he did love my pumpkin pies so well. He'll surely remember his old home now; he must know how we want him back."

The father sighed, and just then there came a knock upon the door, but when opened it only revealed a very tall and lank individual, who awkwardly entered, taking off his hat for the real reason that the low doorway would not admit him otherwise.



"How do you do?" he said, bashfully.

"Quite well, stranger," said the farmer, "have a seat, won't you, it's as cold and blustry a Thanksgiving as I ever remember."

"Yes," said the tall stranger, "but it's a good deal like last year, aint it?"

The mother turned her head, the old man took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully.

"No, last Thanksgiving was warm and pleasant. I remember because the boys were out-doors so much."

"Your boys?"

"My boy and some neighbors'. We only have one son," mournfully.

"Only one, where is he?"

"We don't know, he left us on Thanksgiving, we've never seen him since."

"Was his name Nat?"

"Yes. Oh! yes. Do you bring us word of him, our only child?"

"You must not get excited," said the tall individual in gentle tones, "perhaps I bring you a little word of him. I come from the mines. While working there this fall and summer a boy joined us, a bright, handsome young fellow that everybody liked. He said his name was Nat Goodyear."

"Our son, our own dear Nat, but where—?"

"Wait. A dreadful snow storm came and shut us all up in the mountains without food or fuel. A little band was formed to try to reach the lower country and get help. Your boy was one of the three. It was almost certain death to go, just as certain to remain. One night, when beginning the journey, the boy requested his two friends, if either lived and he did not, to carry or send his small fortune to his old father and mother with his love."

"And you have brought us that," sobbed the mother. "You have come to

tell us that our boy, our darling child, is dead!"

"Hush! don't weep! A braver lad it would be hard to find. The way was tortuous, severe, an accident happened to one of the three, and he died and the other two buried him tenderly in the snow. Don't cry, the one that died was not your son. No, indeed, he lived to go on, when even the other fell exhausted by the way, to go on until help was reached, and a party quickly made up with generous supplies, to fight their way up the mountain and save the score of lives awaiting them. They have reached there by this time, and, as it is so much farther West, no doubt the Thanksgiving dinner is already in progress. Thank God that it is so! I bring this as a peace offering from your son, it contains about one thousand dollars and will clear the mortgage on the old place."

"But Nat, our boy, we want him," said the father.

Then the door flew open with a bang—a well-remembered bang—and Nat, taller and browner, but Nat still, entered and took them in his arms, his strong young arms as if forevermore he would shelter them.

"I've come back! We had a fight for it and for our lives as well; but I coaxed Jim to come, too, that he might spend Thanksgiving with me in the dear old home—for, mother dear, I've told about your famous pumpkin pies."

And far away upon a snowy mountain side, men were getting ready to partake of a dinner so plentiful that it scarcely seemed possible that it could be real, and as they talked and thanked the kind Father who had saved them, they spoke, with tender reverence, the names of the three who had gone out of their midst, only as brave men can, to succor or perish by the way.

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

### THE BABY'S MASQUERADE.

"ONE of the queerest things I ever knew," said old Mrs. Petersen, who was sitting on her doorstep talking to Sallie Burke and Elise Tucker, "was about Hilda Swinton and Katrina Carbery. You see, Mrs. Swinton was the mother of Mrs. Carbery, and they lived in the same house, and Hilda and Katrina, it happened, were born the same day. When they were about two days old, and before any one had taken much notice of them, the nurse began, in the morning, to dress the babies. First she washed Hilda and wrapped her in a blanket, and put her back into the cradle, then she took up Katrina and washed her, and just as she was finishing, old Mrs. Thomas, who had come in to visit, told her that Mrs. Swinton was calling her. So up jumped the nurse, put Katrina in another blanket, and laid her in the cradle. Are you keeping all this straight?"

"Yes," said Sallie, "both babies are wrapped in blankets, and are in the cradle."

"Very well," said Mrs. Petersen, "when nurse came back Mrs. Thomas had dressed both the little girls. I don't suppose the nurse objected to that, but, you see, Mrs. Thomas didn't know which one of them wore the tucked clothes, and which the plain ones, and the nurse had known them apart by their clothes. 'I do believe,' she said, 'you've put Hilda's clothes on Katrina!' 'I don't know,' says the old lady; 'which is Hilda?'"

"But the nurse didn't know; she knew the clothes, but she didn't know the little girls. They both had fuzzy red hair and blue eyes, and no noses to speak of, and both had big mouths. So the nurse took them in to the mothers and they didn't know them apart, but they both chose Hilda, because she was the biggest."

"Which was Hilda?" asked Elise.

"I didn't know which was Hilda then," replied Mrs. Petersen, "but I mean the one who answered to that name afterward. Well, they didn't any of them know which was which; nobody did;

and finally Mrs. Swinton took the biggest one—not that there was much difference—but when she was a year old and had cut her front teeth, they thought she favored the Carberys, so the mothers changed, and Mrs. Swinton took the other one. Now all the Carberys sing in the choir, and when the one Mrs. Swinton had was three years old she sang like a lark, while the other didn't know one tune from another. It seemed natural, then, that the singer was Katrina Carbery, so they were changed back again. It was very confusing, and the village took sides about them. For my part I always thought the one who didn't sing favored the Carberys, but the Swintons, you know, had her. They never seemed to care much, for they used to say if Hilda wasn't their daughter, she was their granddaughter, and it was all in the family; but Mr. Carbery used to grumble a good deal, for he said he'd like to know whether Katrina was his child or his sister-in-law."

The morning after Mrs. Petersen had told this remarkable tale to the two girls, Sallie, as usual, stopped for Elise on her way to school. Elise was the daughter of the rector in Meadows, and lived in the rectory near the church. Sallie lived at the other end of the village. Her mother was a widow, and she was kept quite busy by Sallie, who had some lively fancies. As usual, Elise was not ready for school, and all her family began at once to help her. Her mother hunted up her collar and hat, her sister Emily collected her books, the cook brought her lead-pencil and luncheon, and Sallie stood on the porch and scolded.

As they at last went down the path to the road, Elise said:

"What do you think our Emily says?"

"Dear knows," replied Sallie, "she says lots of things. Look out or you will lose your history."

"I wish I could," said Elise, catching the book. "Why, she says any mother would know her own baby."

"Did you tell her that story?" asked Sallie.

"Yes," said Elise, "I told it last night at supper, and they all laughed at me."

"And my mother, too," says Sallie, "says it is perfectly absurd, and it is an awful old story, and she don't believe Mrs. Petersen ever knew the people."

"I do," said Elise, "I believe it is true, and I am sure all babies look alike. But our Emily says no one could ever cheat her."

"Couldn't they?" said Sallie, scornfully, "why, I could do it myself."

"Oh! no, you couldn't," said Elise, "but some people could, I suppose!"

"And I could," repeated Sallie, "and I could do more than that."

"What?" asked Elise.

"I could fix your own baby up so that Emily wouldn't know him."

"Now that is nonsense," said Elise, dropping her grammar, and picking up all the papers that flew out of it. "I must hunt up my strap for these books! You couldn't cheat Emily about Stanton. Why, she just worships him, and she is all the time begging mamma to let her take care of him. She would know him anywhere."

"But I could," Sallie persisted, "I would dress him up differently, and she would never know him."

"Yes, she would," said Elise.

"And I would blacken his eyebrows, and part his hair like a girl's," continued Sallie, "and I would carry him right in, and I would say, 'Here is my cousin. Her name is Georgiana Burke,' and you would see if Emily knew him!"

"I wouldn't tell a story, anyhow," said Elise, who was beginning to believe in Sallie's assertion, but who didn't care to say so.

"Well, perhaps I wouldn't," said Sallie, "I don't care for tricks if you have to tell stories, but I could manage it."

"Oh! no, you couldn't!" said Elise, not very positively.

"If I do, will you come to our house to supper, Saturday?"

"I'll come, anyhow," said Elise, promptly, "if mamma will let me."

"But will you truly, surely come?" persisted Sallie.

"I surely, truly will," said Elise, solemnly, then adding, "if I can."

"Very well," said Sallie. "Now I'll think about it, and tell you after school. But we had better hurry, for the bell is ringing. Oh! my goodness, Elise, where is your strap?"

The last lesson that day was in fractions, and Sallie was called up to do an example on the blackboard. It was all easy enough, but when she had finished, she picked up the chalk again, and quickly wrote in a large hand:

*"It is all fixed!"*

and then she turned and looked at Elise.

"What do you mean by that, Sallie Burke?" exclaimed the teacher.

"Nothing!" said Sallie, quickly rubbing it out, but the result was that she had to stay in ten minutes after school and learn four lines from Shakespeare. When she at last was free, and came out, she found Elise sitting under a tree waiting for her.

"Well, you are a goose, Sallie Burke," said she. "What did you do that for?"

"I don't know," said Sallie, "but it just popped into my head, and so I wrote it. It is all fixed!"

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head;  
Not decked with diamonds and Indian stones;  
Nor to be seen; my crown is called content;  
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

That is the verse I had to learn. It took me just four minutes by the clock."

"But you stayed longer?"

"Ten," said Sallie, "but don't you want to know?"

"I suppose you mean about our baby?" said Elise, gathering her books and ready to go.

"Exactly," said Sallie. "You see, mamma has a lot of our Charlie's clothes put away in a trunk, and they are real old fashioned; but you know any baby's clothes will fit all other babies. I'll bring them down to your house this afternoon, or I'll take them way down the garden by the gooseberry bushes. Your mother, you know, will be gone to the Dorcas, and Emily will have to mind the baby. You get her to let you take him out in the coach, and—"

"She won't let me," said Elise, "she will want him all herself."

"No, she won't if she is reading," said Sallie, who knew Emily's ways, "you just

ask her. I'll bring some burnt cork for his eyebrows, and we will dress him all up, and then we will take him down to the gate and lay him on the grass, and hide the carriage, and you can rush into the house, and cry aloud to Emily that there is a baby at the gate, and she'll tear out, and we will see if she knows him!"

"O Sallie! I daren't," said Elise.

"Oh! it isn't any harm," said Sallie.

"I wouldn't like to treat Stanton that way."

"We won't hurt him," said Sallie; "if he was old enough he would think it fun. I wouldn't hurt him for the whole world."

"And Emily will be so mad! I can't rush in."

"But you must," said Sallie, "for you know perfectly well that if I did she would think I was up to some trick."

"I suppose she would," said Elise.

"The only thing I am afraid of," said Sallie, "is that you will giggle and spoil everything."

"Oh! no, I won't," replied Elise, "I'll be in too much of a hurry. I will rush in and right out, for I wouldn't miss seeing Emily when she finds him, for anything."

"Then you'll do it?" said Sallie.

"Yes," replied Elise, slowly, "I'll—I'll do it."

"Now, see here, Elise Tucker," said Sallie, "if you say you will, there is to be no backing out of it. You are to do your part. And you are not to be smiling and saying things so that Emily will know that something is up."

"I won't," said Elise. "Truly and surely I won't and I will bring the baby!"

And she was as good as her word. At half-past three, the hour appointed, she appeared, pulling the coach in which lay Stanton, placidly sucking his thumb.

Sallie had all the clothes laid out in order.

"Why, they are short," said Elise.

"Of course," said Sallie. "I could have got a long dress, but everything, you know, must be different; and, look here!" And in triumph she held up a red flannel petticoat. "I don't believe your baby ever wore anything like that."

"Never," said Elise.

"Neither did our Charlie, but I found it in the trunk. I had a real hunt for

these things, and here's shoes. I had to borrow them from Mrs. Keswick. I expect they are a mile too big! Now, just you count everything to see if all is there, and I'll black his eyebrows and part his hair."

Stanton had his own opinion about these new and active nurses, and he expressed it so loudly that once the girls were afraid Emily would hear him, but Sallie had thought of this emergency, and had provided a lump of sugar, and with this he was persuaded to be quiet.

"Now," said Sallie, in triumph, looking at the baby, as, rosy and laughing, kicking his feet, and crowing, he at last lay in the coach, "I don't believe your very mother would know him! I think he is just beautiful! Those dark eyebrows, and that dust of charcoal on his hair are perfectly charming! Oh! don't do that," as Elise, all in a rapture, rushed at him, "you have rubbed some of the black on his nose, now! You will just spoil him. Let us name him Lilian?"

"Very well," said Elise, "but we had better hurry, or mamma will be home."

"Well, I don't know," said Sallie, still admiring her work, "I don't know but what I would like your mother to see him. But perhaps it is better not."

"I think it is," said Elise. "I know that mamma would wash his face at once."

"She would spoil him if she did," said Sallie, decidedly; "if he was my child I would dye his eyebrows, and his hair, too."

And then they took as private a path as possible toward the front gate.

"We will have to put him just outside," said Sallie, "for you know no one would leave a baby inside a gate, and I'll stand behind the hedge and watch. But I tell you"—and she stopped to take another look at Stanton—"I don't believe he is too respectable-looking! He ought to have looked more like a tramp's baby."

"Indeed he ought not!" cried Elise. "I would not have let him look like one. You ought to be ashamed, Sallie Burke."

"One thing I will do," continued Sallie, unmoved, "I'll put a name on him. A real likely common name."



"Rupert is a good name," said Elise.

"It isn't a very likely one," Sallie replied, "and it must be a girl's name. I have the very card in my pocket to write on. Lizzie Marble gave it to me," and taking out a bright little card all gay with fox-glove, she wrote, using the top of the coach for a table:

"Ellen Brown. Be good to her. Her troubled parent."

"That isn't true," said Elise.

"No," said Sallie, "but it will do. This is now a story, you see," and she pinned the card on baby's breast. "Now you lift him out—he is most used to you—and lay him down, and run in, and hurry, for he is beginning to rub his eyes, and he'll get his face all black. And I'll stand behind these bushes, and, oh!—I tell you the very thing! He will be Moses, and I'll be the mother watching, and you'll be the sister—"

"And Emily, Pharaoh's daughter!" cried Elise, "why, it just fits. But Emily won't know who she is. It is just lovely, and I'll go this very minute."

As Elise ran up the lawn she heard a wail from the baby, but she ran all the faster, knowing how evil might be the effects of delay.

Emily was reading, and she looked up as Elise rushed in.

"O Emily! Emily!" Elise cried, all out of breath, "there is a baby at the gate!"

"Whose baby?" asked Emily.

"I—oh! come see," cried Elise, just saving herself from saying she did not know.

"Where is Stanton?"

"Sallie is taking care of him," said Elise. "won't you come?"

"What is the use," said Emily, "whoever put him there will take him away."

"It has a card on it," said Elise, desperately, "asking people to be kind to it. Won't you come?"

"I don't want to," said Emily, "I want to read."

"But it is particular," cried Elise, all out of patience, "and you must come."

"Well," said Emily, slowly closing her book, "where is it?"

At that moment there was a rush

along the hall, and Sallie burst in with a cry:

"He's gone! he's gone!"

"Who?" said Emily.

"The baby!"

"What baby?"

"Your baby!"

At this Elise laughed.

"Did Pharaoh's daughter take him?" she said.

"You needn't laugh!" exclaimed Sallie, "he is really gone. I wish we hadn't done it. Oh! what will your mother say?"

Emily jumped up looking very pale.

"Indeed," said Sallie, "I was hardly gone one minute. He began to cry, and I went to his coach to get the piece of sugar, and I couldn't find it, and I was just shaking out the pillows when I heard wheels, and I ran back, and the baby was gone, and a wagon was driving ever so fast away, and I ran after it, and I screamed and screamed, but no one heard me, and I came back, and, oh! Emily! you must go tell your mother."

And then Sallie turned and ran out of the house again. After her went Elise, and then Emily, half-stunned, turned and ran after both.

Sallie had not paused a second, and when Emily reached the church she found the whole Dorcas in the vestibule. Old Mrs. Kirke had Sallie by the shoulders, and Miss Barton held her arm, and every one was talking, and little Mrs. Barlow was insisting that Mrs. Tucker should not be told, and Elise was sitting on the stairs crying. Emily at once began to scold, and at that moment in came Mr. Tucker, pale and in a hurry.

"What is all this?" he exclaimed. "my baby gone! Which way? Where? Who took him?"

"Oh! nobody knows," cried Mrs. Kirke.

"But I do!" exclaimed Sallie, "do let me loose."

"Don't be overcome," cried Mrs. Barlow, "remember your wife; oh! dear Mr. Tucker! remember your wife; and how the blow will fall on her."

"Where is my wife?" exclaimed Mr. Tucker, looking around.

"Oh! she has gone home. Shall I go and break it to her? If we only knew which way the villain had gone!"

"He went to the village, I told you," said Sallie, shaking herself free.

"Some of us had better go up the road and some down," said Mrs. Kirke, "and perhaps we may overtake him."

"Was it a two-horse wagon?" asked Mr. Tucker, coming close to Sallie.

"No, sir," said Sallie, becoming very quiet; "it is a one-horse wagon; red body."

"And the man? What did he look like?"

"I didn't see him. The back curtain was down. He has red hair—curly hair."

"O Sallie Burke!" cried Emily, "how could you see him! How do you know what he looked like?"

"That is, I suppose it was he," said Sallie.

"Who?"

"Why, Clem Morris," said Sallie, "it was his wagon, and I suppose he was driving it."

"Oh!" said everybody, with an air of relief.

"If it is Clem," said Mr. Tucker, "it is all right. But why on earth did he take my baby?"

Sallie became very red and very confused. She wished herself a thousand miles away.

"He didn't know it was your baby," she said. "It was all dressed differently, and it was called Ellen Brown, and he was the little Moses, and I was his mother—"

"It was one of your tricks, Sallie Burke," cried Emily, "and I do think—"

"He is all right!" cried Mrs. Barlow, coming in all out of breath. "I ran over to tell everybody not to tell Mrs. Tucker

—and she had him in her lap! He wasn't stolen! His mother found him at the gate as she came over home from the church, and she picked him up and carried him in. He was all dressed up, and at first she didn't know him, but the blessed child knew her, and crowed and laughed; so she took him up and carried him in on the back porch. The wagon going by that Sallie saw had nothing to do with it."

The next day Sallie received this letter:

DEAR MOSESSES MOTHER:—I would not come over for a while if I were you, and I do wish Aunt Townsend would ask me to make her a visit. I am awfully tired. Everybody is mad about different things. Papa is mad because of the fuss at the Dorcas. He says it made him look silly. Mamma says I was careless, and I believe she thinks you left the baby on purpose, but you didn't—did you? Emily is just horrid. I guess we won't do it again. And one person says you ought to be ashamed to take somebody else's baby for such a trick, and then somebody else says I had no heart because I took my own, and that shows how hard it is to please everybody. I think Papa will get over it first, for when he told Mr. Kirke he laughed.

Yours with love,  
ELISE TUCKER.

P. S. Ever so many people have come to ask about it.

P. S. NUMBER TWO. Mamma says that Mrs. Petersen put it into our heads. Does your mother scold much?

LOUISE STOCKTON in *Wide Awake*.

**A** VERY pretty foliage decoration for rooms or conservatories can be made of a white sponge," says a writer in the *New York Mail*. "Fill the sponge full of rice, canary, hemp, grass, or other seeds, then place it in a shallow fancy glass dish. The prettier the dish is, of course the prettier the decoration will be. Pour water in the dish; the sponge will absorb this. Keep enough water to

always have the sponge moist. In a short time the seeds will sprout and make the sponge look very pretty. The dish can then be placed on a table, or the sponge can be suspended without the dish in some position where it is exposed to the sunlight. It must be well watered, so that the sponge is always moist, and it will then exhibit a mass of delicate green foliage."

## HOME CIRCLE.

### LOG CABIN LIFE OF LONG AGO.

THE old people who first settled the State of Ohio are always hurt, touched in a tender place, if any one of the present generation speaks lightly or disparagingly of those early days. And why not? why not?

We of the third generation can distinctly remember the first cabin on the farm. It stood near a brook, beside the old Johnny Applesseed orchard, with a high hill, wooded and wild, in the background. It was built of unhewn logs, fourteen by sixteen feet, covered with clap-boards held on by weight poles placed on each tier and kept at proper distances by small pieces of wood called "knees."

The floor was made of split puncheons, split out of oak logs and hewn with a broad-axe, so that it was not left very rough or uneven. In very early days, in the first cabin homes, all the furniture was made of rived stuff—the stools, tables, benches, and shelves. The bedsteads were made of dogwood poles and bottomed with strips of elm bark, laced in and out after the fashion of weaving, or they were made of poles fitted into holes in the side of the house, in which case only two legs would be required for a bedstead.

The cupboard was likewise made with holes bored into the log wall, pins drove in and shelves laid thereon. A wardrobe was constructed after the same primitive plan, only the puncheon shelves were made wider. This arrangement made a good place to store bedding.

If the mother was fortunate enough to have a "meeting bonnet," it was kept in a band-box made from a wide strip of elm bark stained with blood root and kept in a safe place, which was two wooden pins about a foot apart, high up on the wall out of the reach of investigating young pioneers.

There was always a "loft" above the one room. This was where the children slept. It was reached by a ladder, generally from a corner of the house, beside

the fireplace, or frequently the ladder went up on the outside. This was not so pleasant nor so convenient in cold or wet weather, but children accustomed to this arrangement never objected.

In this day of convenient ranges we women cannot help but marvel how our foremothers cooked by a fireplace. In well-arranged log houses an iron crane that would swing out, with trammels and hooks on which to suspend pots and kettles, arranging the distances to suit the fire beneath, was a long stride forward toward progressive times. But not in one home in ten was this convenience found, nor did they have andirons and an iron shovel and tongs.

Instead of a crane and its accessories was a pole fitted across inside the chimney high up out of danger of fire, and to this was attached a chain with a hook on the lower end of it on which to hang—alas! for the poor—the mush-kettle or the hominy-kettle.

Instead of andirons two stones were used on which to lay the forestick when the fire was built; in lieu of an iron shovel a rude bit of board was shaped into a substitute with the axe, and for tongs sticks were used.

In building a fire there was a way—first roll in the big back-log, generally a log three or four feet across, split in the centre. Fit it down into a little bed of cold ashes; tamp the ashes down closely, to keep the fire from creeping under and burning up behind—an offense this, in the nostrils of every old-time pioneer. Then place the forestick in front on the andirons, then the back stick on top of the back-log then fill in kindlings and small stuff and the chunks left of the previous fire, and, if the wind did not come down the chimney, presently the little gurgle and snicker like the laughter following a joke would begin and then the blaze would creep and waltz and leap and twirl and be so joyful that it never failed of bringing a sense of cheer to the humble home.

Whittier knew; he understood the

poetry of the great wood-fire within the generous jambs that stood like guardians on either side, when he wrote :

" We piled with care our nightly stack  
Of wood against the chimney back.  
The oaken log, huge, green, and thick,  
And on its top the stout back-stick.  
The knotty forestick laid apart  
And filled between with curious art  
The ragged brush ; then hovering near,  
We watched the first red blaze appear,  
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam  
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,  
Until the old rude-furnished room  
Burst flower-like into rosy bloom ;  
While radiant with a mimic flame  
Outside the sparkling drift became,  
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree  
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free."

In the very long ago, say from 1810 to 1816, when there were no grist mills yet in operation, the early pioneers used hominy blocks or mortars in which to pound corn. This coarse stuff they sifted, taking the finest of the siftings for bread and the rest for hominy. Salt was exceedingly scarce, none nearer than seventy miles, at Zanesville, on the Muskingum River, and it had to be carried on horseback traveling on the Indian trail. There was only room for one horse in the narrow path, so if a man had two loaded horses with him one would be obliged to walk behind the other.

Sometimes corn-bread and mush and hominy had to be eaten without a hint of salt. It had no more taste than saw-dust.

We remember one time, perhaps a dozen years ago, we had grits for supper.

When our father tasted it, he said " oh ! that picture," and shook his head. We said, " shut your eyes, papa, and keep on tasting and tell us all that you see."

He said : " I see the mortar made in a stump in old Uncle Davis's door-yard. His block was stationary, ours was portable. I seem to see one of the men pounding corn just as they did in 1811 when we all, five families of us, herded together in the poor old man's cabin till our fathers could enter land.

" We had no salt in anything we ate, and it most broke my heart to think how we had wandered away off here to starve and die.

" No, I don't want any feeble stuff like

grits. I have had my share," and he took a generous pinch of salt for the memory of Auld Lang Syne.

With no tools except an axe to work with, when a mortar or block was made, it was, to use the prevalent term of those early days, " niggered out."

A hole was cut in the end of a stump or a solid piece of timber, then a fire was built in it of little chucks so as to burn the hole out larger and deeper, stones were laid on the fire to hold heat and to char. A pounder for the grain was made by inserting an iron wedge in the end of a heavy stick ; and this was the mode of making corn-meal.

When mush was made it was eaten with milk from a tin-cup with a spoon.

The older members of the family would eat first and when they were done the little folks could have the use of the tin-ware.

Spoons were obtained from the Indians or from the French traders at the Lakes, who dealt with the Indians. But there was always a " handy " man in every settlement who could make a clumsy, rough sort of spoon in a mold of his own contriving, when pewter could be obtained. He never made very elaborate handles—he worked according to the limited supply of material on hand.

After the hominy-block, came the hand-mill, constructed from a boulder after the fashion of a coffee-mill. The hopper was an inverted cone with a cylinder of the same material, exactly fitting the hopper, perforated by a shaft, and regularly grooved, was placed on a pivot and propelled by the aid of a lever by one or two hands. This, too, was a tedious process. After awhile horse-mills followed, then water-mills, and at a later period the steam grist-mill came.

When we were a country school marm, " long time ago," there lay in the brook valley below the school house, half buried in the growing soil among vines, and the gold of the dandelions, one of these old hopper and cylinder mills.

Made out of great boulders, the hopper a pink and gray marbled, and streaked ; the cylinder slate and gray mixed.

We used to sit on them while we ate our dinner. We were studying geology then, after the marveling, hungry, eager



way of one who sees God in all created things.

After water grist-mills came into use it was no trifling job to go to mill a distance of eighteen miles. This was the work of the little boys from eight to fourteen years of age.

It took two days if everything went off well. If the miller had a good deal of grinding to do it required three days. It was a common way to put three bushels of grain into a bag, throw it across the back of a horse, with or without a pack-saddle, as it might happen, straddle the little fellow well on the load, tuck him in well, shake the burden down to settle it, see that he had plenty of corn-bread in "daddy's overcoat pocket," give him distinct orders and start him, willing or unwilling, on the trail.

How few the mothers of the present day who could do that now! Start off the chubby lad so small that his legs stuck nearly straight, wiggling along with the jogging sidewise motion of the poor old horse, a ride of eighteen miles, the route lying through the "leven mile woods."

The child soon learned to keep his balance. Generally two or three of the neighbors' boys would go to mill at the same time.

It is common to hear old people say that the corn-bread of nowadays does not compare with that of the early times before cook stoves were known.

It may be so. We make delicious, light, sweet, crisp corn-bread in all forms, all the way from light loaves of rye and Indian down to dainty little pats of muffins no bigger nor thicker than a maple leaf. We use compressed yeast, yeast powders, baking-powders, soda and cream of tartar, with butter and eggs and cream, and they seem the very poetry and perfection of culinary skill; cunning, satisfying, appetizing, pretty to look upon, and pleasant to the epicurean palate, and yet the old pioneer will say, "they can't hold a candle to my mother's make!"

And this was the way "my mother" made her corn-bread, the delightful memory of which lives long enough after her name is forgotten among those who will barely remember to have heard of her as "Aunt Polly," "Aunt Hanner," or "Aunt Marget."

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The corn-bread or pone was baked before or beside the fire in the fireplace in a "bake kettle," we called it, but all the neighbors, who came from Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, called it a "Dutch-oven."

It was deep, had straight sides, stood on three legs, and the cover was a great, heavy cast-iron lid that reached over the sides of the kettle, and then turned round the edge.

This lid weighed thirty pounds, the kettle was not quite so heavy. The lid was laid upon the fire to heat its edges, resting on the back-log and forestick, and the kettle, or oven, was tipped up in front of the fire to warm while the pone was in process of mixing.

A good plain pone, not raised, was made with water not hot enough to scald, into which had been put a spoonful or two of lard or meat fryings, a good pinch of salt, and another of pearl-ash, if they had it, thickened into a stiff batter with fresh corn-meal.

This was poured into the warm oven, and it was stood over a shovelful of glowing coals in the corner, inside of the jamb, out of the way as much as possible.

Then the heavy lid was lifted off with a hook, tapped on the hearth in case any loose ashes were sticking on the under side, put over the pone in the corner, a shovelful of live coals put on top of it, and the loaf was fairly on the way, all things considered. The kettle was turned occasionally, that the sides might bake evenly.

This was done in the afternoon. It stood there till bed-time, and then, when the time came to "bury the fire," some hot ashes were covered over the lid and heaped up about the sides of the kettle, and it was left so till morning. The sweating process that it went through during the night, and the gradual cooling off of the oven, made the loaf moist, and gave it a singular degree of nutty sweetness and fine flavor.

And this rare, sweet, fine, foody taste must have been the delightful fragrance that made the old boys seek to immortalize "my mother's pone."

In the morning when breakfast was ready, in the poor, cold, humble log cabin homes, the "Dutch-oven" would be snaked out of the ashy corner, brushed

off, turned bottom-side up, and the loaf, smooth and nice and moist, looking like a fine yellow cheese, would drop out just warm enough to tempt the appetite.

It would be cut in slices and its peculiar taste, soft, rich, sweet, had a flavor, the old men say, as though it had been made with butter, cream, and sugar.

White bread was likewise made in these ovens, so were the large puffs of biscuit, and the great baking of pumpkin and mince pies.

We wonder often how one poor woman, given to thrifty ways of saving time, could bake, in two bake-kettles, only, mince pies enough to last all winter. Yes, she did! Made them before Christmas, stacked them up in three great piles, let them freeze solid, and the job was done. When her baby, John Jonathan, was born on the 20th of March, the women who cooked the chickens found some of the pies, a good deal the better, too, for having been made so long before,

And all of us women when we make pies for winter, bake five or six at one time, then often we complain and quote: "There is no excellence without great labor."

In pioneer days, before matches were known, the fire had to be carefully covered, or buried in the hot ashes every night. Generally chunks half burned were covered up. These were used to start the new fire the next morning. If it did not "keep," the alternative was to go to the nearest neighbor for fire, or strike a spark with steel and flint, holding a soft bit of "punk," or rotten wood, close beside the flint and striking quickly across it.

This was an annoyance, either way, in case the fire went out.

Instead of saying, "Did you lock the door?" as in the present day, the nightly worrisome query was, "Did you bury the fire?"

If a neighbor called at one's house early in the morning he was met with the question of, "Did you come after fire?" or, "Do you want a coal?"

After the pine knot for a light to read or work by, came a saucer of some kind of grease with a strip of rag in it, one end lighted and lifted up over the edge. The grease was generally that of the bear, or coon, or 'possum, because pigs were scarce

and every morsel of pork gravy was waited for by the hungry little ones. It was a great treat to have it left in the spider or kettle and give the children bread and let them sit around in a half-circle and "sop."

Many a man, crowned with honor, a member of the Cabinet at Washington, remembers his poor honest boyhood, and recalls with infinite pleasure the taste of the "sop" in the tipped up spider as the little hustling, crowding litter of tow heads packed around it, each ready to fight for his fifths or his sevenths.

Coffee and tea were very scarce and all sorts of substitutes were used. Milk and butter were plenty and of no commercial value, so the family could use all they needed at home, but the mothers who came from good Eastern homes missed the cheering beverages to which they had been accustomed. A little tea was made to go a great ways.

Corn, wheat, and rye were roasted and used for coffee.

One family used a plant for tea that they called "Jacob's Ladder." When the oldest girl went to school, a remarkably ingenuous child, the teacher in trying to fix the letter T in her mind said, "Can't you mind it? What do you drink for supper?" and the bright answer was, "Jacob's Ladder!"

The same little girl was sent to the store kept by a prim old bachelor to get some muslin for her mother. He said, "I don't know what quality to give you, Sis. Do you know what the muslin is for?"

And the brave reply was, "Why to make mamma a shirt." He sent beautiful wide fine cambric. She, the poor mother of ten children, had never worn anything better than home-made flax and tow. So the abashed, modest old bachelor was the means of introducing a white dress into the poor family of babies, a dress handed down from one to another an heirloom to this day of grace.

ROSELLA RICE

#### ROB WARE'S WATCHWORD.

IT was "blue Monday" in the Ware home, but that was no rarity, as for several months past all the Mondays that came were tinged with blue to the three Wares, who really were seeing hard times.

Good, honest James Ware, an industrious carpenter, had been sick for more than a year, of an incurable disease, and Mrs. Ware was not strong enough to do hard work, and there is very little easy work in this world lying in wait for untrained women.

Rob, the only son, just fourteen, and smart as a "steel trap" at work or play, had for some weeks been working at one of the big drug-stores in the city and the wages were a stand-by in this time of need.

The Wares lived in a tiny house which they at one time hoped to buy. That was before the hard times came. The rent was low but winter was coming on, and it did look as if they must "look for two cheap rooms."

One day in all the week was not a blue one, and that was the seventh. The mother and Rob on Sunday morning, rain or shine, with bright faces, donned their threadbare best suits, brushed clean the evening before, and went early to Sunday-school and church.

James Ware, though weak in body, had good use of his eyes and could read the blessed messages sent him to uphold him in his hour of need by the kind Father, who never forgets His suffering children.

Neither mother or son once thought of staying home from church, though it was a grand edifice (the building, we mean), because they had not stylish clothes.

"We will always appear in God's house clean and neat, wearing our best apparel, but poverty will not keep us away. We could not endure our afflictions were we deprived of the help we get from Him. We will honor Him so long as we live," said Mrs. Ware to Rob one morning as she saw with pain how very "shabby" they both appeared.

All the family were much encouraged one November morning when Rob came home with the glad tidings that "one of the proprietors had taken a fancy to him and given him a much easier position and more pay."

"Now we need not move, mother, and father can have new flannel, and the very best beefsteak, and real milk. I can buy them for him, and after awhile a pair of shoes for you," said Rob, proudly.

A week wore on and Rob filled his new situation satisfactorily. Mrs. Ware was

on Saturday evening singing joyously, "Arise my soul, arise," as she "frizzled" beef and toasted bread for tea, her heart filled with gladness.

Suddenly the song stopped as she heard Rob's footsteps upon the piazza slow and halting, plainly telling her that something was wrong.

"Tell it to mother, son," she cried, opening the door and drawing him toward her tenderly. "Are you sick? has any one hurt you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No, no, mother, but I'm out of work," was the reply, and then, big boy as he was, he laid his head on mother's shoulder and sobbed bitterly.

"I cannot think it's your fault, Rob," said Mr. Ware, as he sat in an armchair looking out upon a bank of clouds in the west, angry and dark-looking.

"No-o-o-o, father, yet Mr. W— thinks me stubborn and unreliable. You see, they wanted me to taste the wines and liquors, and to show them. I said to Mr. Y—, I could not do that, for my parents would not permit me to do that, and then he said I needn't have anything to do with the wine part of the trade as he could keep me busy with other work."

"Several of the clerks laughed at me for my notions, and said, 'no doubt, when I went into the drug business there would not be any liquors sold in my store.'"

"I didn't at all mind being called a 'prohibition crank,' and one of the clerks had almost made up his mind to 'come over on my side.'"

"This morning a gentleman called to get some 'pure wine,' for his sick wife. Mr. W— sent me with him to look at the wine, telling him 'to get the article that comes at a high price, as it was the very best.'"

"The man was dressed poor, and said he really couldn't afford to pay such a price for wine, but the doctor said she must have it, and she was very weak."

"I really couldn't help saying right out, 'my father has been sick a long time, and our doctor says that whisky or wine will not help him in the least, but fresh eggs, good mutton and steak, will strengthen him, and then mother gives the cooked juice of grapes and apples before it turns sour.'"

"Suppose you try for your wife, something she likes cooked real nice; my

mother will tell you how she cooks for father.'

"And then he said: 'I'll just do that, my man, give me your number so I may find you.'

"I have my doubts of this wine being very pure. I think Hattie needs a cook and a cheerful friend more than anything else, but the doctor said wine,' and he went out without buying anything. And then, mother, Mr. W——called me a little 'meddler' and 'sneak,' and said I could leave their employ and starve for all he cared, and he couldn't recommend me to any other business-men.

"Mr. Y—— told me to come back, that Mr. W—— wasn't sole owner of the business.

"What will become of us, with the winter here, father sick, and work so scarce, but I can't stay there," sobbed Rob.

"No, you cannot work at such a place. We will pray over it, son.

"Come, eat your supper, and black your shoes for to-morrow. We have our Sabbath-day preparations to make," said Mrs. Ware, cheerfully, though her heart was heavy.

The Sabbath day dawned brightly, and was peacefully spent.

Early on Monday morning there was a visitor. The gentleman who didn't buy the wine stood at the door, to see Mrs. Ware, who readily consented to visit the weakly, young wife.

"Come right along with me, my lad. In our shop, we can find work for you. Honest work, too, and a chance to rise," said his new friend, a foreman in a large machine shop.

Rob joyfully went along, and that morning "set in" to work in just the very

way he longed to do, having an ardent desire to learn of machinery.

And then there was a night-school for such boys as Rob Ware, with teachers who made things so very plain. And Mrs. Ware built up quite a business, cooking "good things" for invalids. Papa Ware grew stronger, but not enough so to admit of him thinking of doing any real work, so it came to his share to look after the "housework."

The wintry blasts roared loudly around their small dwelling, but they brought no suffering to the Wares, who, in spite of their fears, were kept safely in the hollow of His hand.

"Uphold the right, no matter if troubles dire threaten you for so doing," is a watchword of Rob Ware's.

ELLA GUERNEY.

#### THE ANGELS' WINGS.

HAVE you ever, I wonder, listened  
To the rustle of angels' wings!  
Or is it your heart is callous  
Or troubled with worldly things?

Far up on the lofty mountains  
Where the voice of the dark pine rings  
In the glint of the mellow sunset  
Sounds the rustle of angels' wings.

And down in the dewy meadows  
In the willow's tremulous swings,  
In the rush and sweep of the river  
Soundeth the angels' wings.

And at the twilight hour  
When a mother softly sings,  
Oh! all around and about her  
There rustle the angels' wings.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

THE intelligence that sees the future needs of the child, and the love that deems no sacrifice too great to provide for them, will never deem its work complete without cultivating those habits of obedience and self-denial which will enable him to bow to higher and higher tribunals and prepare him for the only freedom that is worth the name.

IT WAS CHARITY. Mr. Isaacstein: "I sells you dot coat, my frent, for ten dollars; you dake hum along." Customer: "I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday? Isn't this your Sunday?" Mr. Isaacstein, in a low, reverent tone of voice: "My frent, to sell a coat like dot for ten dollars vas not beeness—dot vos charity."



## HOUSEKEEPERS.

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### NEEDLES FROM THE PINES.

No. 6.

ONE often sees in some paper, an article describing how to furnish a room with boxes, boards, and several yards of calico, or more expensive goods. The articles are generally well written, read very entertainingly, and, if the readers are rather short on furniture, they feel tempted to gather up boards, boxes, and nails, empty the slim pocket-book on calico, and invest all of their spare time on home-made furniture that is to look very nice and pretty when made, but often proves a delusion, and causes more or less vexation, and pounded thumbs and fingers. Now the question is, Does such work always pay? If one lives in a new country, miles and miles from all kinds of stores, then the most and best should be done with the fragments on hand, and then with patience wait for the better times and things that may come. But if one lives in a village or city, such work is sometimes mistaken economy, and never gives the satisfaction a good shop-made article does. Some things can be easily made at home, and will fully repay the time, labor, and slight expense laid out on them.

A medium-sized dry-goods box, with a strong cover put on with hinges, and neatly covered with pretty calico, makes a nice place to keep garments, or children's playthings. Pad the top well before putting on the calico cover, and you have a little couch that suits the small folks. If you are going to keep clothes or scraps, or unfinished work in the box, line the inside neatly with newspapers. The printer's ink helps to keep away moths.

Shelves are among the things that can be made at home, and are very useful, and can be left plain or made ornamental, to suit taste and pocket-book. Two shelves that I have seen lately were got up at slight expense. Both were fastened firmly to the wall by five-cent iron

brackets. One had a lambrequin made entirely of silk crazy work. The lambrequin on the other shelf was made from an old black velvet jacket. A large spray of wild roses and leaves was embroidered on the velvet, and both shelves were pretty enough to pay for the labor and slight expense.

Small wooden boxes neatly covered are profitable footstools, especially if there are small children in the house. If you like, make one or two gorgeous ones, but have two or three plain and substantial enough for that small play-house out in the wood-shed or fence corner. One that we have has been a throne for a doll, a seat on express wagon and sled, a cradle for the cat, and counter in a tiny make-believe store. It has seen snow, rain, and sunshine, and has more than paid for the slight trouble of making. But if you want a washstand, or fancy table, or comfortable chair, just sit down, and as near as you can, figure up the actual expense of the material you will use. Figure in your time, too, for a woman's time is worth just as much money as a man's. Then add the loss of temper, and the pounded fingers that fringe the work, and ask yourself if you had not better let that job alone; or, rather, if you cannot earn a better article in a different way? First think over what you can do, and do well. Next think over your many acquaintances, and wonder if they need any of your help. Then look at your pride with very severe eyes, and if you have got more than you really need, try and lay some of it out of the way. It doesn't die very easily, and can be picked up at any time. Perhaps you like to sew, and can do good, fine sewing, but do not understand dressmaking. Well, just leave the dresses alone for the dressmakers to knot their brains over, and do some plain sewing for a few friends that will be glad to get it done. I know of one lady of good standing, in good society, that earned many fine things for her home by making little dresses, aprons, and little undergar-

ments. They were easily made, and she had rather do the work than go without the things she needed and wanted.

Sick days, like a great many other unpleasant things, always seem to come at very inconvenient and unexpected times. I have often thought, when I have had to face such days, with an empty bread jar, and a crumb or two of something else, how glad I would be if I knew of a place where I could buy some good, clean home-made food. Good home-made bread, pie, and cake have a flavor and sweetness that the bakery stuff lacks.

I know of one woman in a small town that made ten dollars last summer selling Dutch cheese. She only had one cow. The grocery men told her that they could have sold twice as much. The ten dollars gave more satisfaction than wasted time and milk or foolish pride.

One young girl in our town has earned many dollars by doing nice crochet work, in her spare moments. It certainly was better for her to do what she could than to sit down and fret and repine over the scarcity of money in her home.

One nice housekeeper here one year made more chopped pickle than her family could eat, and she readily sold all she could spare.

When women that need the money have the time and can work, make up their minds to do the work that hands find to do, regardless of what some silly one may think of them, then they will be happier, and in due time their example will make the world, that they seem to fear so much, wiser. It is just as honorable to do good sewing or make loaves of sweet, wholesome bread for Mrs. Somebody that can pay us the money we need and want as it is to cover an old packing box with cheese-cloth or calico, and then dignify it with the name of washstand or toilet-table.

Years ago I had an experience on home-made furniture that satisfied me that I was not a first-class worker in all trades. I had been very sick for a long time, but was getting better and trying to do my work, but needing and getting a great deal of help about it from the rest of the family. To save myself work and steps, I needed a stand near the stove to set things on. As we had plenty of light boards and narrow sticks about the size I wanted, my ambitious mind sug-

gested that I could saw and nail together the handy little stand I wanted. I went to work, measured and sawed until I was too tired to be pleasant. Then I commenced to nail the thing together. Part of it was nailed quite firm and decent, but when I tried to nail the whole together and make it stand up in a business like way, it wobbled and shook in a weak, nervous way that rapidly exhausted the little temper I had left. I straightened it in one place, jerked it in another, and fretted and hammered to the best of my ability. At last it was finished after a fashion, but I knew very well that no one would ever want me to make another like it. I used it for awhile, but it was weak, and had a nervous jerk about it when touched, and I got so tired of it that as soon as I could I gave it up, and it vanished into kindling wood surprisingly quick, considering the many, many nails that had tried to hold the thing together. When one takes into consideration the satisfaction one feels in a good, well-made, fine-looking piece of furniture, it seems as if it more than paid for the time and trouble spent in earning it.

#### THE OLD, MODERN, AND ECONOMIC COOKS.

A WIFE and mother, who daily says, "the times are not fast enough for me," lately told us that "nearly every woman of to-day was a good cook, and such an improvement upon our grandmothers and mothers."

We acknowledge the good work being done to day by our women, but do not forget the toothsome pumpkin pies, custards, light, flaky bread, and other good things that we have eaten prepared by grandmothers.

An old Connecticut grandmother, with an "oven" and "fireplace," every Saturday managed to fill the pantry shelves with a great plenty of good things for next day's consumption.

"I had reference to our meals, and beans, and doughnuts," said our modern cook. "Real Boston baked beans."

In justice to those old and really good cooks, we argued that their "oven" baked beans, roast spare rib, turkey, etc., light raised loaf, and salt rising, and doughnuts, were "prime eating."

Women had few labor savers, but they were plucky, and "good liver" fared well.

Many cooking schools have been formed all over the country, and the effect has been good. The aim of modern homemaker is and should be to "feed her family well" at the least expense, and to save her own strength, unless she be so fortunate as to have at her command a full purse.

In the old days of no stores, or labor-savers, more than one "hausfrau" has baked, fried, and roasted herself into a premature grave by toiling beyond her strength to satisfy the appetites of those about her.

Now that many families often find the times "close," cheap living must be the rule, and in a city, with high rents and expensive illnesses to consume much of the income, there is often little money left for food.

The wife of a mechanic whose husband was disabled one entire summer, told us that:

"Her wages, three dollars per week, were all they had to keep their family of five persons in food for two months, with the children's help."

She made her own bread and yeast. Corn-meal, graham and white flour were used in loaf, gems, batter cakes, or corn pone.

"My twelve-year-old daughter helped a neighbor churn, and wash dishes, taking her pay in sweet and buttermilk, and one pound of butter each week. Oat flake, corn-meal mush, and stale bits of bread broken into milk, and heated to boiling point, were articles of daily food."

She bought of the butcher soup bones, varying the soups. One day it was rice soup, another, tomato, upon others, cabbage, turnip, onion, or potato, with a handful of oat flake, stirred into the pot, made an agreeable change.

"Beef, mutton, and veal trimmings were cheap and fresh. Of these, appetizing stews, and meat pies were made.

"With potatoes, carrots and a little sage, a variety of dishes were achieved.

"Meat seemed to be, for the boys and the invalid, a necessity, as they grew weak without it once each day.

"Liver was cheap, and when seasoned

with a few slices of bacon, and a little minced onion or powdered sage, was very nice, and the children were fond of the gravy.

"Sliced pickled pork, dipped in corn-meal and fried, was excellent, so was the milk gravy made from the hot fat.

"Sixteen pounds sugar was given for one dollar, and used sparingly, none in coffee, and twice each day we drank skim milk or buttermilk.

"For dessert, griddle cakes of white flour, or cold bread, sugar sprinkled, or served with spoonful prune or stewed fruit juice, was eagerly eaten by the children, who never tasted cake during the summer.

"Another cheap dessert was bread crumbs browned, sprinkled with syrup or sugar, and seasoned with cinnamon, moistened with milk, and served with apple sauce.

"Often a biscuit, split while warm, was covered with a sauce made by boiling into one cup hot water, two tablespoonfuls sugar, and one of vinegar, thickened with flour.

"When tomatoes and berries were cheap, we bought them, and that was a help.

"Blackberries were cheap, and very ripe and good, and the children had an opportunity to pick upon shares.

"One of the boys had a place with a market gardener, who paid in vegetables. Cabbage was abundant, and very much relished, boiled, in slaw, and cooked with milk.

"For the invalid fresh eggs were bought, as he positively needed such food, but we had few for the family use. Waste wood was cheap, and the boys carried it home, keeping me well supplied with fuel. Soap was made from the leached ashes, lye, and soap fat, for cleansing purposes, the toilet soap being only two cents each cake.

"Oil for lights was not expensive, as the days were so long, and we hard workers were so tired when the night really came as to want to seek our beds.

"The invalid, tired of doing nothing, really learned to sew on buttons, mend the children's clothes, and help prepare our simple meals.

"There was no new clothing bought

that summer, but always plenty of good, plain food upon the table, though it did take managing to get that plenty."

We have, as an illustration of what may be done, when "luck seems ag'in us," the example of patient industry, combined with good "head work" in an elderly couple who have not been married more than ten years. Poor, and almost invalids, the outlook seemed a dreary one. Ten years have been spent in cheerful toil, and they *now* have a "wee bit hoose" of their very own. In the large garden fruit and vegetables fill every available space. He and she have almost lost their rheumatism, and the thin worn faces beam with content now that they have a real home, and are no longer compelled to work for a bare subsistence.

In these days of croakings and real privation for many, it is well to think much and long, "how can we smooth out the path which seems a hard and dreary one."

Many of us must be poor; it behooves us to deny ourselves if we desire to pay our honest debts. There is great destitution about us. As I write, three very poor women are in pressing need of daily bread.

A few idle weeks and sickness have brought them to sore straits. Said one:

"I cannot live saving."

A young wife has just been buried by charitable strangers, who less than three months ago spent, lavishly, the monthly wages, laughing gayly at the friend who urged her to "not indulge in costly food, when plain fare is more nourishing and cheaper," and save a little for the "rainy day."

"Slack times" and a three months without employment, emptied the husband's purse, plunging him in debt. Sickness and death found him among strangers and penniless.

Said a sensible mother, "I am trying to educate my daughters in kitchenology. They may some day be the wives of poor men, and will need to know how to live on very little. Little wastes count for more than we think."

We count it a blessed faculty to be able to manufacture good food with little expense, not believing in stinting the body.

While of the opinion that many modern cooks achieve wonderful results, and merit high praise, we do forget the taste of the delicious "goodies" grandmother manufactured in the oven and "skillets."

ELLA GUERNSEY.

**R**oses in China. In no other part of the world has the cultivation of roses been brought so nearly to perfection as in China. The rose-gardens of the Emperor of the Flowery Kingdom are gorgeous in the extreme. The revenue obtained yearly from the oil of roses and rose-water is enormous, and a great addition to the imperial coffers. Only the members of the royal family, and the nobility, high military officials, mandarins, etc., are allowed to have any of the attar of roses in their dwellings. Very severe punishment is meted out to the ordinary citizens in whose possession even a drop of the precious essence is found. Originally only two kinds of roses were known in China, the white and the red moss-roses, and the smaller they were the greater their value. The leaves are greatly sought after for amulets. The

poor consider them great prizes, and, when a leaf is obtained, it is put into a little bag and hung over the door to keep away the evil spirits.

**GOOD SENSE.** Good sense will preserve us from censoriousness, will lead us to distinguish circumstances, keep us from looking after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations, to weigh consequences, to determine what to observe and what to pass by, when to be immovable, and when to yield. It will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms and handling things roughly, will never agitate claims of superiority, but teach us to submit ourselves one to another.



## NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

*Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers are welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking for any information they may desire. All communications for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.*

### PREPARING FOR VISITORS.

**I**n the country where we are inclined to be sociable, it is best to be prepared for unexpected guests, for they just "drop in" at all times and in all seasons. After some mortifying attempts to supply a variety for the table only to find that perhaps half of our carefully prepared dishes were politely declined, we got in the way of keeping a special tablet of the names of those who visit us, together with a list of each guest's favorite dishes and the reverse. This saves us much unnecessary cooking. We had just dished up a kettleful of old-fashioned succotash when an old lady "happened in." We were rather taken aback, as other eatables were "conspicuous by their absence," until she assured us that this was just what she had been wishing for; and as she partook of this one vegetable-dish with an unmistakable relish we were satisfied. Another warm forenoon we ransacked the garden for peas, new potatoes, and other "green stuff," and at dinner as we complacently handed them around had the satisfaction of hearing, "Thank you, but I scarcely ever eat anything that grows in the garden!" So we see that while some prefer the substantial of life, others care more for pastry, puddings, sauces, etc.

Then, again, we often get "sort of flustered," and cannot think of what we might have just as well as not. For such emergencies we have another tablet, devoted to the preparation of vegetables, meats, and desserts. Then, while the fire is concluding whether to burn or go out, we run our eye swiftly over our two lists and decide what we can have.

Again—and I suppose I shall have to speak very softly, now, or I shall hear some "John's" scornful remarks—I do believe in having a best room, if possible, not one where the blinds are closed continually and everything has a cut-and-dried appearance, but a room judiciously filled with easy chairs, lounges, pictures, interesting books, and new magazines—a room in which our husbands and boys can take their "nooning" in the hot harvest days, and where we can rest when the work and worry of the forenoon is over. We wish our houses to be the homes of our loved ones, where we can serenely meet our friends without first unloading a "train of cars," or untying numerous ropes and strings with which the children have been playing horse, in order to find a chair. Let the wee ones have their noisy, romping fun, but remember how much sweeter is the sound of their happy voices when they are playing in the shade of the gnarled old apple trees.

AUNT HOPE.

### A DAKOTA HOUSEWIFE'S WAYS.

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS AND SISTERS:—A dear father sends our magazine to me as a Christmas present and I prize it more than any others I receive; for, while it contains so much of benefit to us at present, it does not neglect that which is for our eternal welfare. Many times I have thought I should like to add my mite to the store of useful hints found in this department, which I especially like, and now venture to do so.

What a busy world this is, particularly, it seems to me, for the Dakota farmers and their wives. I am in the midst of carpet-rags at present, and to those interested should like to say that the work is not such a bugbear as I used to consider it when a ten-year old girl. What memories of the past these bits of worn-out garments bring up!

I sew the rags on the sewing-machine, and can easily "do" two pounds in an

afternoon if the rags are of good length. Do not break the thread each time, but fold the ends as in sewing by hand, place under the presser-foot, take three or four stitches between and pass to the next. Loops are thus formed which may be easily cut after the sewing is completed. I make balls of about a pound in weight. It requires one and one-half pounds of finely-cut rags for a yard of carpeting, and one pound of warp for three yards. I use two colors of warp and have the rags "hit or miss," but very pretty carpets are made by having colored rags woven in stripes across the breadth. Weavers usually charge from twelve and one-half to twenty cents a yard for weaving, and some housekeepers think it does not pay to make rag carpets. I think it does, however, since they cost much less and wear much longer than carpets that one buys.

I receive so much good from our housekeepers' "Notes" that I will add a few other hints, hoping to benefit some one. Do all the poultry-keepers know that oyster cans opened on the side make very excellent dishes for water, in the chicken coops?

Here is my way for making a "husher:" Use No. 10 white knitting cotton and a medium-sized crochet hook. Chain fifteen stitches, and join in a circle; chain four, one treble, separated by two chain, in every other stitch of chain, beginning with second. The next round is like this, as are also the six or seven succeeding ones, except that there are chains of three between. When wide enough, chain four, one treble in space below; continue all around, finish with a scallop of one double, six trebles and one double crochet in each alternate space.

Another way: Take a strip of any chosen material thirty inches long and six and one-half inches wide. Sew the ends together, forming a circle, and make a hem on each edge wide enough to pass a cord or rubber tape through. Blue chambray edged with blue and white embroidery, is very pretty.

In preparing potatoes for warming over, a sweet-corn can makes an excellent "chopper."

—  
DODE V.

#### SALAD DRESSING.

May I give to the sisters of the "HOME" a recipe for the best salad dressing I ever tasted? It is good for any

kind of salad and may be prepared in double or treble quantity, reserving only the cream. It will keep a long time in a cool place, and when wanted a little can be taken out and thinned as desired, using one-half cupful of cream to a pint of the dressing. Stir one heaping teaspoonful of mustard smooth with a little vinegar, add one teaspoonful of salt, a few grains of Cayenne pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, yolks of two eggs, well-beaten, one cupful of vinegar, not too strong, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Melt the latter in a double-boiler, then stir in the above mixture, cook until about the consistency of boiled custard, cool, and thin with sweet cream.

Salmon salad (very nice).—One pint can of salmon, picked in pieces and the bones removed, about one quart of cabbage, measured after being chopped very fine, six small cucumber pickles, two hard-boiled eggs, and one-half cup of celery, all chopped fine; if celery cannot be procured, soak a tablespoonful of celery seed in two spoonfuls of vinegar over night, and use the vinegar. Garnish with parsley, beet pickles, or lettuce.

E. A. C.

#### OUR "PAPER" BANK.

DEAR EDITOR:—I wish to give the "HOME" sisters a hint which I received the other day and have already put in practice, feeling sure it will be of benefit to more than one. We are quite a "reading" family at our house, and I have usually found it pretty hard work to keep our literary table supplied with good, wholesome food. So, acting on the hint received, I procured a toy bank and set it on our dining-room mantel. Every evening when the family gather for the last meal of the day, each of the older members drops a penny in this bank. Once a month it is to be opened, each contributor taking its contents in turn to use in subscribing for any good periodical which she—or he—may choose. Should there not be enough to pay the full subscription rate the person drawing the money for that month may either make up the amount or hold it until the next "drawing" to which she is entitled.

By following this plan there surely need be no lack of good reading in our

homes. The cost of furnishing it does not fall heavily on any one of the family and the supply will be better suited to the varied tastes than if provided in the usual way. Try it, sisters.

MOTHER MAY.

[Let us add a suggestion: When you have finished reading your papers or magazines each month, pass them on to some family less favored than your own in this regard. Or, do up small parcels of the choicest and mail them to invalids. As one of the "HOME" shut-ins writes in a letter received not long ago, "Those who enjoy the blessing of health and are able to take part in the active duties and pleasures of life can hardly realize how much the receipt of an unexpected package, card, or letter by the morning's mail brightens the whole of a shut-in day." Let us all strive to render in this way a partial "return for the benefits received"—not the least of which is health.]

#### FOR ORNAMENT AND USE.

A dainty little vase or flower-holder is made by pressing a small tumbler of thin glass into one of the Japanese baskets so common everywhere. Tie an inch-wide ribbon in a pretty bow around the glass just above the rim of the basket. When placing flowers in this or any vase do not crowd too many together; a few gracefully arranged give much more pleasure.

Procure a toy flat-iron of rather large size, cover the face with plush, gumming it on neatly, and fasten a tiny thermometer slantingly upon it. Bronze or gild that portion of the iron not covered by the plush, and tie a bow of ribbon to match the latter (peacock-blue is pretty with the bronze) on the handle. This is easily made and inexpensive, yet a dainty little gift for a friend's writing-table.

There may be some young mothers among your readers who, like myself, do not understand the crocheting "lingo," or have time to use it if they did. I should like to tell them that I made some dainty little sacks for my baby out of fine flannel, cutting them the same shape as the designs which are crocheted. I made one of baby-blue, one of cream-white, and one of cardinal, "for every day." Pink the edges all around, of the sleeves and collar as well, and work a row

of feather-stitching in silk near the edge. If wanted especially nice, embroider a vine of fine flowers around it. Tie the neck with narrow ribbons.

I trust I have given some hints which may be acceptable for Christmas, and hope other readers will return the favor.

CARRIE H. P.

[Several very pleasant "talks" on fancy work suitable for Christmas gifts, which we have been holding in reserve for this purpose, will appear next month.]

#### KNITTED SHOULDER CAPE.

What more comfortable addition to the housekeeper's dress on a cold morning when the fire will not burn well, than a shoulder cape, either knitted or crocheted? It is nice for afternoon wear, too, if dressily made. I cannot crochet well but should like to tell the sisters how I made five capes last fall, four of them for gifts.

Use small wooden or rubber needles, with black and red (or any colors preferred) yarn; it will require two skeins each. Cast up 64 stitches with the black.

1st row—Knit plain. 2d row—Purl. Repeat these two rows three times. 9th row—Join on the red, and purl. 10th row—Knit plain. Repeat last two rows three times. 17th row—Take up the black and purl. 18th row—Purl. 19th row—Knit plain. Repeat last two rows twice. 24th row—Purl. 25th row—Take up red and purl. 26th row—Knit plain—Repeat last two rows three times, then repeat from 17th row until you have 33 black ridges and 32 red ones. \* Bind off (very loosely, that the work may not draw) 3 stitches, drop the 4th, and continue from \* all across. Allow the dropped stitches to ravel down to the 1st row. Run a thread of the black up the side of cape you bound off and draw it to the length of the side you cast up. Gather one of the long sides to the size of the neck, and finish with cord and tassels or ribbon ties, and with fringe or knitted or crocheted border. The following makes a very pretty "all-around" border for those who can crochet: First make a row of double crochet stitches; then chain 4, \* skip 2 stitches, 1 treble in each of next 3, chain 2, and repeat from \* all around. Next row \* 1 treble under 2 chain, chain 4, 1 double in first stitch of chain, forming a

picot, repeat from \* three times, then 1 treble under same 2 chain, 1 double under next 2 chain, and repeat through the row.

Will some one please tell a pretty way to knit an infant's jacket?

MRS. C. L. BENTON.

#### "HOME" RECIPES.

**GINGER COOKIES.**—One cupful each of brown sugar, molasses, shortening (one-half each meat fryings and butter), and sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of ginger, and as much flour as can be stirred in with a spoon. Do not roll out, but take small pieces into your buttered hands and form into marbles. Put in well-greased tins, allowing space to spread, and bake in a moderate oven. These are very nice.

"DODE."

**ROLL JELLY CAKE**—One cup of white sugar, one-half teacup of sweet milk, two eggs, one cup of flour, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of soda, and a pinch of salt. This will make two cakes in a square tin. Have the oven ready, put the cakes in, and while they are baking get a cloth and the jelly ready on the table. As soon as baked turn the cakes one at a time out on the cloth, spread with jelly or marmalade, roll up tightly in the cloth, and lay them where they will cool. Handle carefully or they may fall. This makes as nice jelly cake as you will want to eat, and does not taste of eggs. If desired, flavor to suit your taste. One cake may be baked at a time if more convenient; it will not injure the mixture to stand.

"TINKER."

**BEAN SOUP.**—Soak a large cupful of beans over night; in the morning parboil them until the skin will crack, drain, put in sufficient fresh water to keep from burning, and let simmer on the back of

range, covered closely, till within a half-hour of dinner-time. Then pour in one pint of milk, well seasoned with salt, pepper, and butter, like oyster stew, and thicken, if liked, with a tablespoonful of flour.

**POTATO BALLS.**—Six potatoes, boiled, pared, and mashed, one well-beaten egg, one half pint milk, butter as large as an egg, salt and pepper to taste. Mash and worked together thoroughly, form into small balls with the hands, roll in flour, and fry in boiling fat to a nice brown.

For the above as well as other "fryables" I like beef suet very much better than lard. Select nice, fresh, sweet suet, fry it out carefully, taking care it is not scorched in the process, and keep it in a fry-kettle in a cool place, to be ready for use when wanted. You have no idea how much nicer food is when boiled in hot suet than when fried and fat-soaked in a little butter or lard.

**FRIED FISH.**—Dry the slices carefully in a towel, roll in flour or not, as preferred, and fry in the boiling suet until done. The fish will be brown, dry, and delicate, and will not have to be "eaten twice," as is the case many times when cooked in the usual way. Haddock is a cheap and by many people despised fish. Try it cooked in this way.

FELICIA GRAVES.

#### NOTELETS.

**DEAR EDITOR:**—The August number of the "HOME" MAGAZINE has just come into my home and was welcomed, as always, with pleasure. Enjoying every page of it, I turn to our own "Notes" first. In reply to M. L. G.'s second question, John Whittaker Watson, the real author of "Beautiful Snow," died in New York, July 19th, 1890. He had been living for some time in poverty and obscurity, so says a religious paper.

READER.

**THE** true gentleman carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern

being to make every one at their ease and at home.

A SMALL toy broom is handier for cleaning up dirt around a stove than a large broom.



## HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

### THE WORK-TABLE.

**FIGS. 1 and 2.**—A handkerchief or scrap bag, and shape of lambrequin. This pretty receptacle for soiled handkerchiefs, or for all sorts of scraps, is also an effective ornament for one's room. It is made of a large circular section of India silk that is turned in for a finish at the top and finished below the top to form a casing for the draw-strings,



FIG. 1.

which draw it up as closely as desired, and then tie in a cluster of loops and ends at the point of suspension. Openings are made in the sides of the bag to pull the ribbons through. The pretty lambrequin is made of a fancy silk handkerchief or other bright material of about the same size as an ordinary handkerchief, from the centre of which is cut a circular piece, as shown by the lines in fig. 2. It is

then sewed at the edges of the opening to the bag just along the top of the casing, and is left free at the sides for a short distance, so as not to interfere with the

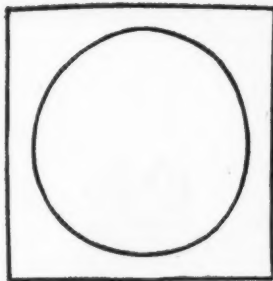


FIG. 2.

drawing of the ribbons. When the latter are drawn up it falls with the beautiful effect pictured. The points are tipped with large plush balls, for which any

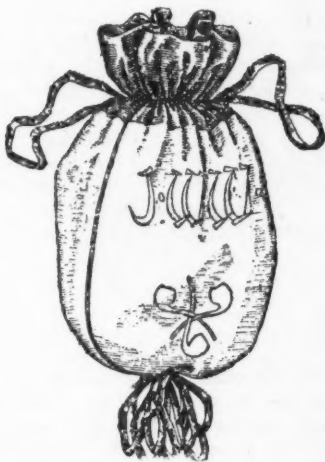


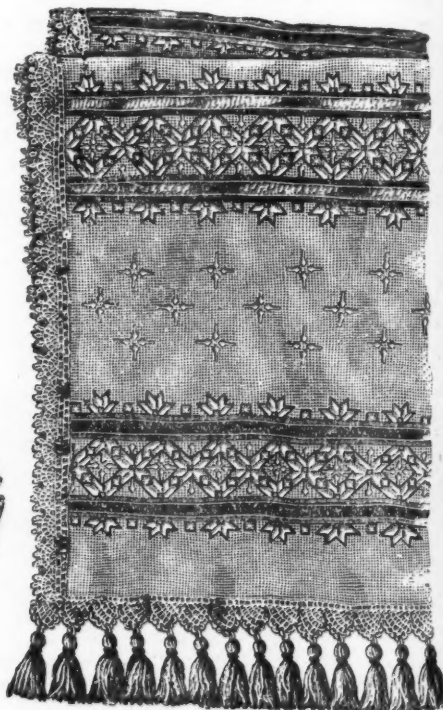
FIG. 3.

other preferred pendants may be substituted if so desired. The silk or ribbons may be of any shade, and the handkerchief may be as fanciful in design, and as light in colors as desired. Madras plaid and Roman striped handkerchiefs may be effectively used in this way. Sateen,

satin, cretonne, silesia, cashmere or any pretty material preferred may be employed for the bag instead of silk, and a square of some harmonious material may be used in place of the silk handkerchief. A band of fancy ribbon is often added to the edges of the lambrequin.

Fig. 3.—This fancy bag or tobacco pouch will be a most acceptable gift to any member of the household who uses the weed, or to a man friend of similar proclivities. It may also be ornamental

the lining and outside are sewed together to form a casing, in which are run ribbons that are pulled through the opening made in the outside portion at the sides, to draw the pouch up closely. The pouch may be hung by the draw ribbons to the smoking-table, which it will ornament handsomely, and the initial of the recipient may be embroidered solidly or outlined on the pouch, or metal letters may be fastened on, as preferred. Three pipes crossed and worked in outline stitch with silk the



and used for other purposes, but our design is for a pouch. Four sections of chamois are comprised in the main portion of the pouch, two sections forming the sides, and the other two the front and back. A cording of silk provides a decorative finish for the seams, and a bunch of narrow ribbon loops is caught to the bottom of the pouch at the centre. The pouch is deepened by a straight section of silk sewed to its tops, and is also lined with silk. A little above the seaming of the silk section to the pouch,

shade of the lining will form a most suitable decoration for the pouch, and may be on both sides, or on only one, as may be preferred. The silk and ribbon should be of the same color.

Embroidery done in long flat stitches has, like its relation cross-stitch, soon gained, thanks to its simplicity, a wide adaptation for many uses. It can be worked direct on the threads of the canvas used as foundation. The so-called congress stuffs now so much in vogue, are the most tempting materials for this pur-

pose; they are made with colored threads and stripes as well as all in one color. Stitches of colored embroidery cotton, skillfully introduced among the white generally used for the purpose, are a great improvement; sometimes the pattern is outlined with color, a few threads of gold are also a charming addition to the general effect, even if only drawn through the foundation.

The uses of many of the illustrations we give may be endlessly diversified,

proof of which is offered by the two accompanying patterns. We shall give the design for the hanging cushion in a square. The design is completed by a narrow edge, whilst for the curtain arrangement the broad border pattern is forming the ornament between the broad plain stripes of strong congress canvas. The half stars are done in flat stitches, the remainder in loose fancy stitches; in fact, there is scarcely any limit to taste executing these various patterns.

THERE is an obligation laid upon every one of us—which, theoretically, we are ready enough to admit—to do our best to make home cheerful, and brighten so much as in us lies the lives of those about us. The world is often a saddening place enough, and life is full of trouble, anxiety, and disappointment; but to some extent it is in our power—not to shut trouble or sorrow out of our homes, no one can do that; but to make the best of them when they have entered, and not add despondency to anxiety, and moroseness to disappointment. It does no one any good to meet trouble half way; but when it is here, and can no longer be ignored, it is best to face it boldly. No one was ever helped yet by looking exclusively on the worst side of things, but those who face trouble boldly are less likely to do this than the timid, desponding souls who glance at it furtively, never seeing it in all its aspects, and consequently, never even ascertaining if it has a brighter side to look at.

**IDLENESS AND CRIME.** There is no saying which is more truthfully demonstrated than that "an idle brain is the devil's workshop." A statement was recently made in one of our exchanges that out of the thousand or more convicts in the State prison, only a very few were mechanics or artisans, or those having a fixed trade, and we are prepared to believe that, were an investigation made in other institutions of the kind, the same fact would appear.

Idleness is a breeder of crime. Those

who are out of employment, and especially those without a fixed trade, are those most susceptible to the evil influences that are everywhere present, and find in this class a most fertile field for planting the seed of criminal action. The man who has his mind and physical powers engaged in honest pursuits avoids contamination, and it is seldom that we see those thus engaged before the courts as defendants in petty cases.

It is from the ranks of the idle and unemployed that the number of criminals is supplied, as is shown by the prevalence of lawlessness in cities where the number of unemployed is generally greater than in the smaller towns, where there is less idleness and consequently less crime.

THE death of a man's wife is like cutting down an ancient oak that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, falls upon the old widower's heart and there is nothing to break their force or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand were withered; as if one wing of his angel was broken, and every movement that he made brought him to the ground.—*Lamartine.*

THE glory of a man consists not merely in looking up to what is above him, but in lifting up what is below him; the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

## FASHION NOTES.



**D**RESSES intended for autumn and winter wear will be piquant in style, and the bodices fancifully arranged to make up for the plainness of the skirt. Yoke tops and pinafore arrangements are in great favor, and buttons are rarely



seen except on plain habit bodices. The one idea appears to be that bodices should show no fastening whatever, and no bosom

material is entire and drawn in tight strained folds to the centre at front and back of the basque.



gores, and although these are obligatory in the lining to insure a close fit, yet the  
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No woman who studies the art of dressing well ignores the value of a dressy

black gown, which, if well fitting and fashionably trimmed, may be donned at odd moments when more elaborate or light-colored ones are unsuitable, and so enable the wearer to be well and becomingly attired. For really good smart gowns which are yet not of silk or velvet, silk and wool fabrics are admirable, whether made in a straight, plain style or lightly draped; but folds and draperies show to perfection the exquisite texture of these beautiful goods.

All soft silks are worn, but faille Française looks rich and wears well, while



BRAIDED DRESS FOR GIRLS OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS.

there are good makes at reasonable prices. Combinations of foulé cloth and black velvet, or that excellent substitute Vel-Vel, form graceful toilettes, which do not have the effect of mourning attire, and may be relieved with touches of color in the chapeau, and worn either with gray or tan-colored gloves.

Black serge made in tailor style always looks well, and may be relieved with white serge, lined or crossed with flat gold or silver braid, with flat box-plaits forming centre front, and sides of skirt, and the white panels showing between, but quite narrow and more as a simulated petticoat, by reason of the plaits being

loose at the edge. With such skirts the back is invariably in box-plaits, or flat plaits set closely together, and at the back only.

Mantles of the long cloak type are exceedingly fashionable, not only for shower wraps and general use, but young people are decidedly favoring the long cloak for evening wear; and very dainty it looks in some pale or delicate shade of foulé or cashmere, with the yoke of Oriental tinsel cloth, or of plush in a contrasting shade. A very fashionable model represents a yoke cloak with plaited or full back, and an over-frill of graduated width, which gives a cape effect to the top of the cloak.

The corselet bodice is already a great favorite, and many of the newest toilettes are made in this form, but the corselet is more frequently a part of the bodice itself, and not the separate item which it is fashioned to represent.

When made as part of the bodice, the seams are joined up with the lining, and the top part is laid beneath the edge of the corselet, which is finished in a variety of ways, but generally by a fancy trimming, although velvets and heavy materials are simply corded.

The gown shown on the left side of page 992 is of golden-brown foulé cloth, with trimmings formed of the same material closely covered with dark brown braiding. This is an admirable model for a combination of plain and fancy material, particularly if the fancy stuff is well covered with pattern. Or figured silk, striped velvet, and other contrasting fabrics may be used with excellent effect in the fashion shown by the sketch.

The skirt is made on a shaped foundation, with full back and long apron front, which on the left side forms a plain skirt, and is draped irregularly on the right. The back of the bodice is full, exactly as in front, and the corselet band forms a centre point. The whole of the band at the back is closely fixed to the bodice, but the front is in two halves, attached only at the under-arm seam, and then lacing in front. These fronts require to be well stiffened with the buckram canvas used by modistes for lining collar-bands, and the fronts should be fitted with whalebone. The Bolero straps are fitted back and front—the former

rather more square than round at the outside edge.

rich *peau de soie*, trimmed with silk guipure cord in shades of mulberry and black; but black silk cord or thick lace would be very effective on any color made up in this same fashion.

A comfortable style of dressing-gown is that made in imitation of the "Kabaja," the Japanese and Indian ladies' robe. It forms a wide loose wrap, snugly covering the whole figure, although its overlaying fronts are only fastened by a broad stuff sash tied round the waist. This garment has also the advantage of taking up very little room in the travel-



AFTERNOON TOILETTE WITH SASH FOR YOUNG LADIES.



MANTLE WITH TREBLE PELERINE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

The right-hand gown is intended for home wear, and is of mulberry foulé, with corselet and panel of a darker shade in

ing trunk, for it can be folded up as neatly as a handkerchief. Flannel is perhaps the best material for the purpose, though

figured piqué and swansdown calico are also nice for lighter wear.

**BRAIDED DRESS FOR GIRLS OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS.**—The loose jacket fronts, the full sleeves, the collar and waistband are of white cashmere braided with red, answering the stripes of the woolen material of which the dress is made. The plastron, made separately and laid in three wide box-plaits like the front of the shirt, is fastened at the side over the lining buttoned in the middle; the waistband mounted on buckram being also fastened at the side. The neckband is one and a half inches high, the cuffs of the wide-lined sleeve three and a quarter inches high.

**AFTERNOON TOILETTE AND SASH FOR YOUNG LADIES.**—This youthful dress is made of white woolen crape and pale blue surah. The stuff used for the bodice

slipped under the skirt-band is gathered slightly over the tight-fitting lining at the back, and plaited and crossed over in front, where the lining is hooked in the middle. The sash is of double surah and harmonizes with the trimming stripe seven and a quarter inches deep on the skirt, the sailor collar, and the cuffs of the sleeves, cut in one piece and gathered at the top.

**MANTLE WITH TREBLE PELERINE FOR LITTLE GIRLS.**—This mantle can be made of any kind of plain or fancy cloth, although the model was of figured cotton flannel, which washes extremely well. The back is made with plaits slipped under at the waist, the front loose and double-breasted. The edges of the pelerine are button-holed out in pointed scallops. Sleeve cuffs two and a half inches deep. Drawn bonnet of pale blue surah.

**WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.** She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning about it, and no sane man can do that.

Six women can talk at once, and agree well, and no two men can do that.

She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can throw a stone with a curve that would be a fortune to a base-ball pitcher.

She can say "no" in such a low voice that it means "yes."

She can sharpen a lead pencil if you give her plenty of time and plenty of pencils.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband seventy-five years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can walk half the night with a sick baby in her arms without once ex-

pressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She can—but, what's the use? A woman can do anything and everything, and do it well.

She can do more in a minute than a man can do in an hour, and do it better.

**DISCORD** between husband and wife is bad enough at all times; but when there is a witness present to the humiliating scene when married folk, as they sometimes do, forget themselves so far as to disagree before friends and acquaintances, it makes bad worse, and by their own hands they push open the door of "entrance into quarrel" very wide indeed, and also place those who are involuntary witnesses in a most uncomfortable and painful position.

**THE** kindly heart responds to the tale of distress, and longs to relieve it; but, if intelligence be not present to guide and direct, the careless coins will go to increase the very evils they were meant to dispel.



## PUBLISHERS.

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### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS AND CLUB-MAKERS.

THE year as far as subscriptions for 1890, is ended; therefore, a word or two as to our plans for '91 will be in order.

We would also return thanks to our present list of subscribers for the many kindly expressions of appreciation for the "HOME" MAGAZINE.

Letters have come to us from new as well as old subscribers in all parts of the country, in which the writers say that they have found not only pleasure, but PROFIT in the "HOME" MAGAZINE. Therefore nothing more need be said here, of the general character of the magazine.

We offer what we believe to be the best magazine at the price published in the country.

In the number for January, 1891, will appear the opening chapters of a new and intensely interesting serial, by M. G. McClelland. Miss McClelland is one of the most gifted of writers, and the readers of the "HOME" are to be congratulated upon their opportunity of reading in the new story the foremost serial novel of our time.

The style of the magazine will be continued in all general respects as heretofore, save that we hope to make the magazine better than ever, as it now is cheaper than ever. We purpose, in 1891, to give more space to patterns than before. These useful helps to home dressmaking seem to be received with great favor and we shall therefore publish more of them for our readers.

We hope that more of our subscribers will try to make up clubs next year than ever before. We receive numbers of letters saying, "I should so much like to try for a club, but I never did anything of the kind before, and would surely fail." This is almost nonsense, as a trial will soon prove. Any one who tries will be surprised at the ease with which four new subscribers can be obtained,

enough to entitle the club-maker to a free copy.

Last year a lady in the far West wrote to practically the same effect. We answered her to TRY, and really we ourselves were surprised at the list of new subscribers she had obtained, and with little trouble. She also informed us that she hoped to double the number next year. We hope so, too.

Our club-makers of last and previous years have already been mailed terms, etc., for next year, so there is little more to be said, than to urge them to do their part toward the circulation of the magazine where it is unknown.

And do not stop in DECEMBER, even if you have sent a large club. Additions may be made at the club price at any time during the year.

As heretofore, we will accept subscriptions for other publications in combination with the "HOME" MAGAZINE, and on page 9 of advertisements in this number, we publish special rates for which we will send the "HOME" MAGAZINE and publications devoted wholly to fashions.

Payments should be made by Postal Order, Draft, or Registered Letter. Postal notes are not safe, and money inclosed in unregistered letters is wholly unsafe, and we cannot accept responsibility for any such remittances. Be sure to add box number, 913, to all letters.

Postal matter to Philadelphia that does not bear the box number, may be delivered by carrier through general delivery, and in a building where there are from fifty to one hundred different offices, errors are very easily made, and letters often lost.

Always be careful to write the county and the name of the State distinctly, as there are many post-offices of the same name.

PEDINE, the great foot remedy, has achieved phenomenal success under the efficient management of Mr. Compton. A boon that suffering humanity welcomes since it affords speedy relief to

those afflicted with tender, cold, or perspiring feet. The Pedine Company, 258 Broadway, N. Y., cheerfully mail their elegant pamphlet free to all who are thus afflicted.

**FRIENDLY** advice on "How to Choose a College" will be contributed to the forthcoming volume of *THE YOUTH'S COMPANION*, by President Seth Low, of Columbia; Ex-President Andrew D. White, of Cornell; President Merrill E. Gates, of Amherst; and Prof. Goldwin Smith.

**HARDERFOLD HYGIENIC UNDERWEAR** is a new article of conspicuous merit, from a personal examination of which we are able to recommend to any of our readers who may wish to obtain very fine underwear.

Following are the classes of the manufacturers, and we believe they are well sustained in the underwear they produce.

**FIRST.** These all-wool garments, either in white or gray, being made of pure natural wool, have all the advantages claimed for sanitary woollen goods, together with the added distinctive hygienic principle of an inter-air space, created by double-folding the fabric throughout the entire garment, thus affording the most thorough protection from sudden chills and draughts.

**SECOND.** Less weight with more warmth, as it is well known that two

light-weight garments worn over each other will afford more protection from cold than a heavy single garment, although the single garment may weigh more than the two lighter ones.

**THIRD.** Making the fabric of two thin films of wool, using the finest Australian lamb's wool, spun in fine yarns and knitted in finest gauge, an elasticity and softness is obtained unknown to heavy single fabric goods heretofore manufactured for wear as underclothing.

**FOURTH.** Folding the smooth and finished sides of the cloth out in each fold, the same smooth, agreeable surface comes next to the person, when worn as is presented by the exterior.

**FIFTH.** The protection which one thickness of the fabric gives to the other increases the durability and wearing qualities of garments, while the elasticity of the cloth makes each garment better fitting, and yet free to conform to every movement of the wearer.

**SIXTH.** The Harderfold underwear is in all cases most carefully manufactured of such soft, elastic material, with no exposed seams to chafe or irritate the person, that they entirely overcome the objections to woollen underclothing which are urged by people whose skin is sensitive and easily irritated, the most fastidious and dainty lady or the youngest child being enabled to wear this clothing with comfort and pleasure.

**AUTHORITY.** The chief reason for a rightful authority through all the various relations of life in social, business, and political circles, up to national government itself, is that it may lead to self-government. That it so often fails of this end is due to the fact that it is so often swayed by selfish interests and love of power, instead of a sincere desire for the good of the governed. Of course there are other advantages which flow from a wise use of it—there are other necessities which must be secured by its exercise—there are other reasons why it should be respected. But underneath them all lies

the one great truth that it paves the way and prepares the heart for that loving submission to the right, and for that prompt obedience to the calls of duty which are at once the essence of every noble life and the only foundation of true freedom.

**WHOEVER** is conscious of faithful, earnest effort should regard his temporary failures with a calm and untroubled spirit. Regret them he must, learn lessons from them he may, but to sink into despair because of them is both unreasonable and unmanly.





THE CHILD'S DREAM OF THE CHRISTMAS ANGEL.